

The Bethel News.

VOLUME VII.—NUMBER 34.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1902.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

SKIRT MAKING AND DRESS GOODS TALK.

We are about to reduce our stock of Dress Goods and this is the way we do it. Any lady who wants a skirt can have one made to order.—We furnishing all materials at prices below:
From 25c goods, Skirt complete, \$2.89
From 50c goods, Skirt complete, \$3.89
From 75c goods, Skirt complete, \$4.59
From \$1.00 extra wide goods, Skirt complete, \$5.39
From \$1.00 common width goods, Skirt complete, \$5.79
These prices are for the latest style flare skirts. Not finished inside quite as our more expensive work, but fit as well as the best. Special prices on all kinds of skirts.

Walking Skirts TO ORDER.

To close all the heavy cloths we have, we make Walking Skirts as follows:
From 75c goods, Flare, \$3.59;
Flounce, \$4.19
From \$1.00 goods, Flare, \$4.49;
Flounce, \$5.19
We do all kinds of fine Dress-making and Ladies' Tailoring, and are turning out some of the best work in this section of the State.

IMPORTANT NOTICE:

This special offer is for only two weeks. It will bring in many orders, and those who order first will have the greatest assortment from which to select.

THOMAS SMILEY,
Norway, Maine.

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LEWISTON JOURNAL,
DELINEATOR,
THE ELITE,
THE DESIGNER,
...and all the...

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MAGAZINES
AT
L. C. HALL'S, Bethel.

VALENTINES IN WINDOW SOON.

The Brooks-Cross Duel Case.
C. Brooks was arraigned before Judge Rich Wednesday morning on the criminal charge of "challenge to duel," the complaining witness being Frank H. Cross. The court room was crowded. The court reserved decision pending the presentation of written arguments by the attorneys in the case. It is within the jurisdiction of the court to discharge the respondent or to bind over to the grand jury at the April term of court, as the law and the evidence indicate. The interesting feature of the case is the fact that there is no New Hampshire statute governing it, and that it must be determined whether or not old English common law gives warrant for holding the respondent.—Berlin Reporter.

GOULD'S ACADEMY NOTES.

Rev. Mr. Varley gave a talk on English society to the English History class last Thursday morning.

Miss Elsie Weltz of Cleveland, Ohio, a former student, visited the Academy last Thursday and Friday.

Sophomore declamations were held last Friday afternoon.

The girls of the basket-ball teams gave a Shoe Social Friday evening. Each person was to pay for admission as many cents as the size of the shoe.

Miss Lorna Littlehale, who has been quite sick at her home for three weeks, is not expected to return this term.

The Basket Ball team is elated over the prospect of playing the Hebron Academy team at an early date.

THE NEWS ABOUT TOWN

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP BY THE NEWS MAN.

C. L. Davis was in Portland last week.

Mr. Edward King has gone to Detroit, Mich., for a short time.

Mrs. William Holmes has returned from Lincoln, accompanied by her little nephew.

Rev. F. E. Rand supplied the Congregational pulpit at East Sumner, last Sunday.

St. John Hastings has been ill for some weeks, and unable to attend to his cream-gathering.

Miss Alma Gehring and Miss Alice Chamberlain have been spending a few days in Brunswick.

Mrs. Teresa Grover fell, last Saturday, receiving quite serious injuries, although no bones were broken.

Misses Cady and Katy Grover attended the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. Olive Grover, on Grover Hill, Sunday.

Supper and social at the Universalist chapel Friday evening, Jan. 17. Admission and supper, 10c. General admission, 5c.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. F. B. Tuell, next week, Thursday, Jan. 23, the Club holding no meeting this week on account of the library benefit.

Eben Barker has bought the blacksmith business of F. J. Tyler and will take possession of the same Jan. 20. He will do a strictly cash business and respectfully solicits the patronage of the citizens of Bethel and adjacent towns.

Mrs. Olive Grover, widow of the late Almon Grover, of Grover Hill, died last Friday and was buried Sunday from the home of her son Albert, on Grover Hill. Rev. Arthur Varley officiating. Mrs. Grover was about 80 years of age, and a sister of Mr. Elbridge Wheeler, who died Dec. 31.

Bethel Grange, No. 56, held an all day meeting at their hall last Saturday, when the following officers were installed:

Master—Fred Bean.
Overseer—C. E. Valentine.
Lecturer—Ruth Bean.
Steward—Leander Grover.
Assistant Steward—Eli Cushman.
Chaplain—Mrs. N. W. Barker.
Secretary—Mrs. Arthur Barker.
Treasurer—H. H. Bean.
Gate-keeper—J. A. Cushman.
Ceres—Mrs. Fred Bean.
Pomona—Miss Mary Cummings.
Flora—Mrs. John Howe.
Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. Abbie Farwell.

"The Figgers."

We promised last week to give this week, a full list of the "figgers" that will figger for Mrs. Jarley, Thursday night, and true to our promise, here they are:

HISTORICAL CHAMBER.

Christopher Columbus, Mr. Alfred M. True
Mary, Queen of Scots, Miss Annie M. Frye
Lady Jane Grey, Miss Anna Carlson
George Washington, Mr. T. F. Hastings
Charlotte Corday, Miss Alice Russell
Diogenes, Mr. Algernon Chapman
Mme. Recamier, Miss Susie Twitchell
Duke of York, Mr. L. A. Van Den Kerckhoven
Duchess of York, Miss Eva Barker

CLASSICAL CHAMBER.

Helen of Troy, Mrs. Wm. Kendall
Minerva, Mrs. Merton Farwell
Juno, Miss Alice Russell
Venus, Miss Almonia Mueller
Mars, Mr. H. C. Rowe
Achilles, Dr. Gardner L. Sturdivant
 Hector, Mr. Edwin Barker
Cornelia, Mrs. Chas. Valentine
The Gracchi, Master Ralph Young
Andromache, Master Ernest Bowler
Miscellaneous Chamber.

Ophelia, Miss Annie Turner
Rough Rider, Mr. Elmer Young
Indian, Mr. Ferrin Lovejoy
Puritan Maiden, Mrs. Arthur Wiley
President of a Browning Society, Dr. F. Tuell
Prima Donna, Miss Jane Gibson
Foot-ball Player, Mr. J. L. Dyer
Sweet Alice, Miss Alma Gehring
Bon Bolt, Mr. Herbert C. Rowe
Goddess of Liberty, Mrs. T. F. Hastings

EXTRA CHAMBER.

Uncle Sam, Mr. Eugene Vandekerckhoven
Columbia, Miss Alice Chamberlain
Cuba, Miss Ethel Richardson
Porto Rico, Miss Eva Thawdle
Hawaii, Miss Ruby Clark
Samoa, Miss Rose Kimball
Philippines, Mr. Ferrin Lovejoy
American Soldier, Master Wilfred Foster
American Sailor, Master Guy Kendall
Mr. Durward Mason
Mr. Gilman Chapman
Mr. Fred Merrill
Mr. Geo. Ryerson

G. B. Farnsworth, Bowdoin, '08, spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. O. M. Mason was in Berlin, the first of the week.

Rev. Mr. Wilder of Strong occupied the Congregational pulpit last Sunday.

The Columbian Club will meet Friday of this week with Mrs. O. M. Mason.

Edwin Gehring, who is attending Bowdoin Medical School, spent Sunday in town.

Miss Hester Kimball entertained last week. It was a swell affair—the mumps.

Miss Ruby Smith, who is teaching at East Bethel, spent Sunday at her home in the village.

Harry Brown has moved his family from Mechanic St. to the Philbrook rent near the butter factory.

Mr. W. E. Abbott and family, who have been in Boston some months, have moved into his house on High St.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Bisbee attended the funeral of Mrs. Bisbee's father, Kingman Churchill, at West Paris, on Tuesday of last week.

A burning chimney at the Goddard House, gave the lower fire company a little practice, Monday night, about nine o'clock.

The next rehearsal of the Festival Chorus will be Saturday evening, Jan. 18, at Mrs. G. R. Wiley's. A full attendance is desired.

The W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Ames Tuesday afternoon. It was observed as "Madam Willard day." A fine sketch of her life, written by her daughter Frances, was read.

The Union Church, Newry Corner, will hold their annual festival, Wednesday evening, Jan. 22. Hot supper, oysters and pastry, will be served from 7 to 10 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

The Bethel Festival Chorus will hold a little "Festival" of their own the evening of Feb. 6, and the musical people of Bethel will be welcomed to an evening of entertainment that promises, at this writing, to be very enjoyable. Several of the choruses from the "1902" Festival music will be rendered by the local chorus which will be strengthened by voices from out of town. Other numbers will be added as solos and readings and the entire program will soon be announced through these columns. Remember the date, Feb. 6, 1902.

A public reception was given Rev. Arthur Varley at Garland chapel, last Monday evening, when a large number of friends, not only from Mr. Varley's own society but from the other societies as well, were present to greet and say a fitting farewell to one whom they have been pleased to know, and knowing, have learned to respect and love. The reception was of a free and easy nature, stiff formality which too often makes would-be pleasant occasions painfully fatiguing, was, happily, an unknown quantity. Everyone donned the spirit of the hour and assisted by manner and mood to make the occasion the pleasant one that it was. Light refreshments consisting of chocolate and cake were served.

Rebekah Installation.

Sunset Rebekah Lodge, I. O. O. F. held its installation—public to Odd Fellows and their families—on the evening of Jan. 6. About 72 persons were present.

The D. D. Pres. Cora D. Lurvey assisted by Grand Marshal Mildred Davis of West Paris, installed the officers in a very pleasing manner. The exercises were interspersed with selections on the banjo, and recitations by members and visiting friends.

Refreshments were served, and all pronounced it a very pleasant evening.

The officers elected for the present term are:

N. G.—Mrs. L. E. Parker.
V. G.—Miss Jane Gibson.
Res. Sec.—Mrs. Anna French.
Fin. Sec.—Mrs. Marcia Hastings.
Treas.—Mrs. Ellen M. Burbank.
Chap.—Mrs. C. L. Sanborn.

DIED.

At Rumford Point, Jan. 12, Willis F. Carr, aged 70 years and 9 months.

Series of Entertainments.

The Y. P. S. C. E. are pleased to announce that within the next few weeks they will give a series of entertainments, three in number as follows:

On Jan. 30, the Lotus Male Quartet of Lewiston will appear in Odeon Hall. This quartet has sung in Bethel on two occasions in the past and has always been received with unqualified satisfaction. Those who have these entertainments in charge, feel indebted to the Bethel Chorus for the above date, as the same had been selected by them for their open concert. They very kindly gave way to the Endeavorers inasmuch as our arrangements had been made with the Quartet for which we are more than grateful.—"May they live long and prosper."

The second entertainment will be Feb. 13, when Holman F. Day will appear in Odeon Hall and interest, enthrall, and amuse us by his readings. Mr. Day needs no introduction. It will indeed be a rare treat for our people and one that they will not be slow to appreciate.

Having interested and amused and charmed our friends, having fed their souls with the choicest proteids that are ours to obtain, we shall then turn our attention to the needs of the earthly tabernacle and minister to those needs as faithfully as we have to those of the inner man. To this end a grand banquet will be spread in Garland chapel on Thursday evening, March 7. This will conclude our series and we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have left our friends fuller at least, than when we took possession of them. Season tickets for \$1.00 will be on sale very soon. Single tickets for the first two entertainments, 25c, and 35c; for the banquet, 50c. Further particulars to follow.

SITE FOR THE MEMORIAL.

Beautiful Westlawn at Canton, Ohio.

The mound where the body of William McKinley will eventually lie and above which will be reared the memorial of the people of the United States, is in the farthest section of Westlawn Cemetery. Without question it is the most beautiful spot there. Senator Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, one of the trustees of the McKinley National Memorial Association which is raising the funds for the memorial tomb, said, when he first beheld it that it was "the finest spot out of doors in all the world." The mound rises in a gentle slope about seventy-five feet from the little stream that lies at its feet and curves in a similar graceful sweep to the east. A carriage road lies at its base at the edge of the water and another one mounts the hill and circles it at the back. It is purposed to use about five acres of the mound—its very best part, in fact—which will give ample room for the stately tomb that will be erected and for the spread of greenward to relieve and soften it.

Lying there William McKinley can look with a spiritual eye upon the town of Canton whose chief glory he was; he can see from the eye of his monument the home where he was so happy and within whose stricken walls rests his devoted widow. And as he turns his gaze over the cemetery it will light on the graceful little marble figure—a rosy boy with a basket of flowers—that keeps watch and ward over the tiny graves of his two children at his feet. There is a long stretch of years between those little mounds and the great one that looks down upon them, but in all the time that elapsed from the day that he first turned and left his babies in their graves to the glad one when he lay in the same cemetery beside them, William McKinley's heart was ever aching for those little girls. It was the greatest sorrow that ever entered into his life, and no glory that ever came thereafter lulled it into sleep. It is only another example of how destiny works for

BUSINESS POINTERS.

Business Readers will be published in this column at eight cents per line, reckoning six words to the line.

C. L. Davis has transferred his ice business for the coming season to Milton Penley, who will fill the house and look after Mr. Davis' trade during the summer.

The American Sunday.

In the present session of the New York Legislature the legalization of the sale of liquor on Sunday comes up as an echo of the fight against Tammany last fall. Tammany made the sale of liquor on Sunday in the face of the law a means of extortion and blackmail. Ardent reformers like Justice Jerome hold that as a considerable sentiment of the community demands alcohol on Sunday it would be better to let the people have it legally than to force them to obtain it illegally. A few men who would really prefer to have the saloons closed tight all day Sunday favor the opening of them from 1 o'clock in the afternoon to 11 o'clock at night in order that the drinking classes may be accommodated.

But there is fortunately small likelihood that the necessary legislation will be secured in this generation. The effort has served to show the practically immovable opinion of the great majority that the American Sunday should not be destroyed by a mistaken idea of liberality. The members of the Legislature are overwhelmingly against a change. The newspapers with few exceptions oppose it. The churches are united in their condemnation of it, although a few advanced clergymen have given it their sanction. As for the citizens generally, the significant development in the bold expression of belief, even among those who are not members of churches, that the American Sunday is so useful in the economic arrangement of the modern life that any disturbance of its security would be calamitous.

In another respect the agitation has brought some very impressive information to the front. The Sunday saloon in Great Britain has been cited, but it seems on investigation that the tendency in England is toward closer restrictions, and that when a vote was taken of large numbers of intelligent workmen, recently more than four-fifths of them declared that they were in favor of closing the public houses all day Sunday.

We find many references to the Continental Sunday, with its open beer gardens and the peaceable crowds which gather in them. But in seeking the reasons for American conquests in the industry and trade of the world these Continental nations have found that the American Sunday has contributed mightily to the victorious excellence of the American workman. Further, Emperor William in a recent instance discovered that the drinking of beer during working hours and the indulgence on Sundays directly diminishes the product of the German laborer. Still another fact comes to us through the testimony of German citizens in the United States. Eminent representatives of this class assert that not only is the Continental Sunday an impossibility in America, but that whenever it has been tried it has led to demoralization.

All the instances add to the importance of keeping the American Sunday different from the other days of the week. Its value is too firmly established in the habits and thoughts and desires of the people, for it to be weakened by experiments. No man can honestly complain of any lack of liberty in the larger interpretation of the laws which surround it. It is one of the very best of our institutions and the nation will suffer if it be changed.—Saturday Evening Post.

John Littlefield of Bryant Pond now receives a pension of \$24 per month, an increase from \$16, and back pay amounting to several hundred more.

For That Tired Feeling

Take one of KING'S DOLLAR ALARM CLOCKS, wind it, set the alarm at the hour you desire to overcome the tired feeling, and go to sleep in peace.

Be sure you get King's Alarm Clocks and you won't have to "Shake before taking." They go without shaking and they are fully warranted.

Some medicines for the above mentioned feeling, advertise 100 doses for \$1.00. King's Alarm at \$1.00 will give you a dose every morning for years, with proper care.

Edward King

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BETHEL, MAINE.

COUNTY COMMENT.

The veteran fox hunter, Brackett Small of Bolster's Mills, has sold 44 fox skins that he has trapped and shot this fall, besides furs from many other animals including coon, mink, muskrat, skunk, etc. They have netted him all told over \$100.

Passed away at the home of his daughter at Milton, Mass., Dec. 3, 1901, Ezekiah Hall Torrey in his ninetieth year. Mr. Torrey was for nearly all his life a well-known and respected citizen of Rumford and of Dixfield, where he was born. He was buried at Rumford Point.

H. G. Fletcher of So. Paris on a recent trip to Boston purchased a beautiful 4-year-old southern mare of fine breeding. This mare is a daughter of Tennessee Wilkes, sire of Roan Wilkes, 2,044, Mazette, 2,044, and other very fast ones. Her dam is by Locomotive, a son of Tom Hal. Mr. Fletcher's mare has a 3-year-old sister that showed a mile in 2.18 this fall.

In the Cumberland county case of the Rumford Falls Boom company against the Rumford Falls Paper company, the finding of the auditor is sustained, judgment being rendered for the plaintiff in the amount of \$10,450.33 and interest on the several installments of rent from the time they respectively became due. This decision is the last of a series of cases brought by the railroad company and Paper Company and the Boom Company against the old Rumford Falls Paper Company and all of them have been decided against defendant. There is one still pending in the court. The Paper Company vs. Railroad Company, but the case decided recently in favor of the railroad, virtually settles this case.

Nathaniel LeBaron died Jan. 7, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. M. Child, on Pleasant Street, near Hicks Crossing, So. Paris, where he has lived since coming to town some years ago, from Locke Mills. Mr. LeBaron was 81 years of age. The funeral was held on Thursday afternoon. Mr. LeBaron served in the 17th Maine, and has been incapacitated from labor for many years by rheumatism contracted in the service. For the last year or two he has drawn a pension of \$50 per month.

Harry S. Simansky, Rumford Falls, and Charles E. Barker, Rumford, have filed petitions in bankruptcy.

DIRECTORY.

We are pleased to publish the following directory for the benefit of our citizens and visitors, and to insure correctness the News should be promptly notified when changes occur.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Selectmen—S. B. Twitchell, C. E. Barker, West, P. J. Russell, Clerk, L. T. Barker; Treasurer, W. W. Hastings; Supt. of Schools, H. H. Hastings; School Committee, Z. W. Bartlett, East; N. F. Brown, Miss Susie Twitchell; Town Agent A. E. Herrick; Collector, H. H. Bean; Auditor, Calvin Bisbee.

MAIL SERVICE.

Mails Close.
Going East, 8:40 a. m., 3:15 p. m.
Closed mail for Portland and Boston, 8 p. m.
Mails Arrive.
From East, 10:50 a. m., 4:50 p. m.
From West, 9:15 a. m., 3:45 p. m.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal, Main street, Rev. O. S. Pillsbury, Pastor, Sunday—Preaching service, 10:45 a. m.; Junior League meeting, 3 p. m.; Prayer meeting Sunday, 7:00 p. m.; Class meeting, Tuesday 7:30 p. m.; Epworth League and Church Prayer meeting, Friday 7:30 p. m.

Universalist, Church street, Rev. F. E. Barton, Pastor, Sunday—Preaching service 10:45 a. m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Y. P. C. U., 7 p. m.

Congregational, Church street, Rev. Arthur Varley, Pastor, Sunday—Preaching service, 10:45 a. m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Y. P. C. U., 7 p. m. Junior S. C. B., 4 p. m. Tuesday—Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.

Union Church, West Bethel, supplied by Rev. Arthur Varley and Rev. F. E. Barton. Sunday—Preaching, 2:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 3:30 p. m.

LIBRARY.

Public Library, Broad street. Open Wednesday, from 6 to 8 p. m.; Saturday, 4 to 8 p. m. Over 2000 volumes. Mrs. G. R. Wiley, President; Annie Frye, Secretary; Mrs. O. M. Mason, Treasurer; Mrs. L. T. Barker, Librarian.

FRATERNAL ORDERS.

Bethel Lodge, No. 97, F. & A. M.—Wilfred Bowler, W. M.; E. H. Young, S. W.; H. M. Farwell, J. W.; H. C. Rowe, Treasurer; D. G. Lovejoy, Secretary. Meets second Thursday of each month.

Mt. Abram Lodge, I. O. O. F., No. 31—E. S. Kilborn, N. G.; Rufus Skilling, E. J. Tyler, Rec. Sec.; S. I. French, Treas. Meets Friday evenings.

Sunset Rebekah Lodge, I. O. O. F., No. 64—Alice J. Farwell, N. G.; Lydia E. Parker, V. G.; Anna B. French, Rec. Sec.; Marcia Hastings, Fin. Sec.; Ellen M. Burbank, Treas. Meets first and third Monday of each month.

Bethel Grange, No. 56—F. F. Bean, W. M.; Bertha Valentine, L.; Gipsy Barker, Sec. Meets every other Saturday at two o'clock.

Sudbury Col., No. 50, U. O. P. F.—J. C. Billings, Gov.; E. C. Park, Sec.; E. S. Kilborn, Treas. Meets the first and third Monday of each month.

Brown Post, No. 84, G. A. R.—A. H. Hutchinson, P. C. Meets the first and third Thursday of each month at 7:30 p. m.

Brown Post, W. R. C., No. 30—Miss E. E. Burnham, Pres.; Mrs. C. S. Littlehale, Sec.; Miss Annie Chapman, Treas. Meets the first and third Thursday of each month.

United Order of Golden Cross No. 494—N. C. E. E. Burnham, W. T. Calvin Bisbee, F. K. of R. S. W. Grover, K. of R. F. W. Bisbee.

CORPORATIONS.

Bethel Savings Bank—S. B. Twitchell, Pres.; A. E. Herrick, Treas.

Bethel Manufacturing Co.—J. H. Barrows, Pres.; W. H. Winslow, Treas. and General Manager.

Bethel Water Co.—Enoch Foster, Pres.; A. E. Herrick, Treas.

Bethel Dairying Co.—W. E. Abbott, Manager.

Riverside Park Association—C. M. Wormell, Pres.; E. C. Rowe, Treas.

Bethel Light Co.—E. C. Bowler, Pres.; W. W. Hastings, Treas.

SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

Ladies' Club, Congregational—Pres., Mrs. F. S. Chandler; Vice Pres., Hattie Foster; Sec., Mrs. Hattie Richardson; Treas., Mrs. F. B. Tuell. Meets Thursday afternoon.

Ladies' Circle, Universalist—Mrs. O. M. Mason, Pres.; Mrs. G. R. Wiley, Vice Pres.; Mrs. L. B. Hopkins, Sec.; Mrs. E. C. Rowe, Treas. Meets Wednesday afternoon.

Ladies' Church Aid Society, Methodist—Mrs. Alice Jordan, Pres.; Mrs. C. Bisbee, Vice Pres.; Miss Ethel Morse, Sec.; Mrs. W. D. Hastings, Treas.

Columbian Club—Mrs. J. G. Gehring, Pres.; Miss Annie M. Frye, Sec.; Mrs. T. F. Hastings, Treas.

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The Gunmaker Of Moscow

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER XII.

A CONFERENCE AND HOW IT WAS INTERRUPTED.

Rosalind Valda and Zenobie were together in their sitting room, and the former had been weeping. She looked paler than when we saw her before, and her brow was heavy. Smiles no longer crept about the dimples of her cheeks, and her eyes had a sad, mournful look. Her face plainly showed that she had suffered much.

"My dear mistress," urged the faithful Zenobie, throwing her arms about Rosalind's neck and drawing her head upon her bosom, "weep no more. Oh, there must be some hope! Surely God will not suffer such an unholly work to be done."

"Ah, Zenobie," returned the fair maiden in a fluttering, melancholy tone, "where can I look for hope?" "I say in God. You have told me we must look to him, and I have believed you. Have you not always been good to God?"

"I have been as good as I knew how, though I have sinned." "How sinned? Oh, my mistress, if you have sinned, then who is pure? Tell me."

"We all sin, Zenobie. It is our nature." "So I have often heard, but I hardly think you have sinned. What have you done which you knew to be wrong?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"Then how have you sinned?"

"Ah, Zenobie, we all do things which we ought not to do. But yet I mean to do as near right as I can."

"Then leave the rest with God. Oh, when poor mortals do as near right as lies in their power, surely they may leave the rest with God without fear. And now, if God is just, as you tell me, why should he allow the wicked duke to triumph over you? What justice would there be in that when you are all goodness and he is sin itself?"

Rosalind was puzzled. She had tried to teach her attendant to love and honor God, and she had so far succeeded that Zenobie understood all the principles of Christianity and embraced them gladly and joyfully. But now how should she make this point understood? How should she reconcile this apparent injustice with God's universal mercy and justice?

"Can you not tell me?" the young girl asked again. "Why should God allow such a thing? You say he is all powerful and can do what he wills."

"Zenobie," returned the maiden after pondering for awhile, "you do not look at the subject in a proper light. God does not operate by petty, individual decisions, as an emperor does. He sees that certain laws are necessary for the good of mankind, and not a single law of all his code is there but is very good. Last night your head ached, and you suffered, and, of course, you had violated some natural law. It was your own fault. And so this suffering which is now come upon me is the result of a violation of one of God's laws."

"Ah," cried Zenobie eagerly, "but you are the one who suffers while another violates the law. In my case I did both and do not complain."

"But listen," pursued Rosalind, with a brightening countenance, for the true idea had come to her mind. "It would not be just for a person to enjoy all the good of a law and leave others to suffer all the evil. God has established in us a social nature, and through that part of our nature come the sweetest of our earthly enjoyments. Such a law—the law of sociality—must be universal, and if men break that law they must suffer, and the only just way in which God could shield me from suffering would be to release me from the effects of the law. Then I should be a poor, lonesome outcast, forced to live all my days alone like a barren rock upon the top of some bleak mountain. But I would rather live among people and enjoy the companionship of my fellows. I have freely accepted the boon, and now, when its evils come, I must suffer. Had God's intent been followed out there would have been no suffering. It is not his fault that the duke sins. Do you understand me?"

"I don't know," murmured the young girl dubiously.

"But, see," resumed Rosalind. "You choose to exercise your social nature, and of your own accord you

mingle among your fellows. Do you not see that thus you are enjoying one of God's richest blessings—the blessing of sociality, friendship and love?"

"Yes, I see."

"Well, so far God is good in having given you that power for such enjoyment?"

"Yes, I see."

"Well, now, under that law, when my father and mother died I found a friend in the duke and here have found a home. But circumstances have changed. The duke has become wicked in thought—he wants more money—and he will prostitute a power which in obedience of God's law would be good to my ruin. Now, God cannot save me without rendering to pieces one of his most powerful laws and one which is meant for a universal good. The moment he does that he destroys that principle of human dependence whence flow those most holy virtues of love, friendship and charity. He must act by universal laws and not by partial rules and individual exceptions. So as long as I can enjoy the blessings of social life I must be subject to the evils of treachery and social wickedness. Do you not understand now?"

"I see, I see," the girl murmured thoughtfully.

"Aye, Zenobie," the mistress added, while a holy light shone upon her countenance, "God has made us subject to ills here. But look beyond the grave, and how bright it is with hope! I have a father and a mother there. Oh, in all my misery, even in the worst state to which the bad duke can reduce me, I would not change places with him. You seemed to intimate that God would see me suffer and yet let the duke triumph. Triumph? Oh, Zenobie, for what would you have that man's heart in your bosom and his soul in your keeping?"

"I would rather die!" the girl cried, while a cold shudder ran through her frame.

"Then, you see, he does not go clear. Oh, how blind and simple are those who imagine there can be pleasure in sin!"

This opened a new theme to Zenobie's mind, and she pondered upon it a long while. But by and by she came back to the theme from whence they had started, and in pursuance thereof she said:

"My mistress, are you sure the duke will persist in this?"

"Aye, Zenobie; I know he will," Rosalind answered, while the old shudder came back to her frame and the old grief to her soul.

"And have you no hope?"

"Only one—in Ruric. He may help me."

"Oh, I hope he can! He is a noble man."

Rosalind answered with a look of gratitude, and Zenobie proceeded:

"Where is the titled lord more noble than he? Oh, were I to choose a husband now and he was free and I was in your position I'd choose Ruric Nevel before all the emperors of earth."

"So would I," returned the fair maiden.

"If I were a countess, as you are, oh, how I should love to make such a man a count!"

"But my marrying him would not make him a count. Were he a count and I like what he is now in station his marrying me would give me the title. But we poor women do not have that power."

"Well, then, we should so much more have the right to choose our own husbands."

Rosalind made no oral answer, but her look showed that she sympathized with the sentiment.

"My mistress," at length spoke Zenobie again, this time in a low whisper, "why may we not leave this place?"

Rosalind started as though she had heard the speech of a spirit, and for a moment a look of hope gleamed upon her face. But it quickly passed away.

"Alas, where should we go?"

This was a part of the plan which Zenobie had not thought of, and ere she could make any reply one of the female domestics entered the apartment and announced that a woman wished to see her young mistress. Rosalind asked who it was, but the girl could only tell her that it was a middle aged woman and very good looking. The young countess bade Zenobie go down and conduct her up. Ere long afterward the attendant returned, and with her came Claudia Nevel. Rosalind had not seen the good woman

for over a year, but she knew her at once, and, starting up from her seat, she bounded forward and embraced her warmly.

"Ah, Aunt Claudia, I am glad you have come! You will let me call you aunt, as I did in those happy times long gone by?"

"Aye, sweet Rosalind," returned the widow, imprinting a warm kiss upon the fair white brow.

The countess noticed the strange sadness of the woman's tone, and then, for the first time also, she noticed the sadness of her look.

"Aunt Claudia, you look sad," she said, while a chill dread struck to her own heart.

"Aye," the widow uttered, as though she were afraid to venture the question she wished to ask; "I have been very sad because I have had a terrible fear. Has—has not Ruric been here?"

"When?" uttered the maiden, catching the whole fear now.

"Within these three days."

"Just then. Day before yesterday he was here—in the forenoon."

"And I have not seen him since?" the poor woman groaned.

"Not seen him? Ruric gone? Oh, where, where?"

"He said he was going to see the Count Damonoff when he left here," interposed Zenobie, who joined in the grief.

"Aye; so he told me," returned the mother. "I have been there, and they have not seen him since that evening. The surgeon who attends the count went out to the inn where Ruric put up his horse, and the animal was still there, his owner having not called for him."

"O God, have mercy!" ejaculated the young countess, in a paroxysm of grief.

At this moment there came a rap upon the door, and Zenobie went to answer the summons. It was the black monk, Vladimir, who thus demanded admittance. At any other time both Rosalind and Claudia might have been startled by the strange visit, but now they instinctively hailed his coming as a source of hope.

"Ladies," spoke the fat monk, approaching the spot where they stood and bowing very low, "you will pardon this unseemly method of gaining admission here, but I had no other choice, for I feared the duke would refuse me did I apply to him. I have come to learn, if possible, where Ruric Nevel may be."

The widow tried to answer, but instead of speaking she burst into tears. Rosalind struggled a moment with the deep emotions that stirred within her, and she, too, fell to weeping. Zenobie was obliged to answer.

"Good father," said she, "we here are after the same knowledge. His poor mother has come here to try if she might find some clew to the noble youth, and thus did my mistress gain the first intelligence that he was gone. Pray, good sir, do you know anything about him? What have you heard?"

Both Claudia and the young countess now raised their heads, for they would hear what reply the monk could make.

"I only know that he is missing," Vladimir replied. "A little while ago I called upon the sick count, and there I learned that Ruric Nevel had mysteriously disappeared, and I learned also of the noble purpose for which he visited the count."

"Aye," interposed Claudia, with sudden energy; "he went to try to gain the count's forgiveness. I don't think they spoke falsely there. I don't think any there would wish him harm from any lingering revenge."

"No, no!" returned the monk. "His mission thither was most nobly fulfilled. So far from cherishing any spirit of revenge is the count that he will ever bear for Ruric the holiest gratitude of his soul."

"Do you think so?" the widow asked hopefully.

"I know it," was the monk's assured reply. "But," he continued, relapsing into perplexity, "I cannot imagine what has become of him. But, hold! My dear child, is there not a lumpbacked, ungainly priest who sometimes visits your guardian?"

This was addressed to Rosalind, and a fearful tremor shook her frame as she heard it, for its import was at once apparent.

"Do you suspect?" She had started forward and grasped the monk's arm as she thus commenced, but she could not continue. The thought she would have uttered was terrible.

"Go on," whispered Vladimir, bending his head low down so as to catch her very thoughts if they left her lips. "What would you say?"

"Oh, I ought not, and yet I know his soul is capable even of that." Thus much the fair countess murmured to herself, and then she gazed up, and spoke to the strange man before her.

"Do you suspect my guardian?"

"Do you suspect him?" the monk returned.

"Oh, I know not what to think!"

"But listen," resumed Vladimir

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Continued on page three.

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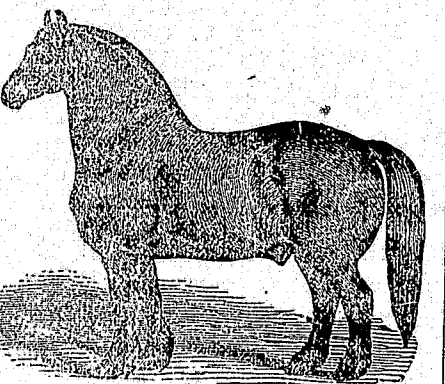
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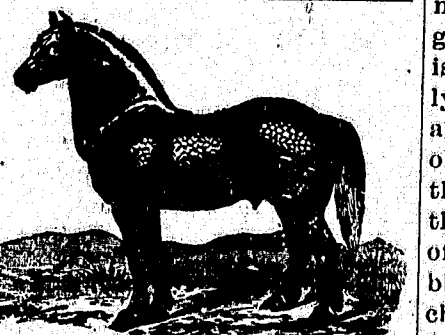
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THE HOME.

Some Unnecessary Reasons.

At the Woman's League convention Miss Goggin had attention. She was billed to lecture on a theme of interest to all.

It was this: "Why I Am Single," And their nerves were all a-tingle. While a most impressive silence filled the big convention hall.

"I will tell you," said Miss Goggin, "Why in singleness I'm jogging," "Why no manly oak may say that I'm his dainty clinging vine—

Why I've never faced a preacher, Led by a male fellow creature— I will tell you—I have reasons, and their number is just nine."

"And I think the very worst one is also the very first one— With its telling just one-ninth of all my reasons is disclosed."

Listen carefully, my sisters; Not a one of all the Misters Ever popped the question to me, or in any way proposed."

Then the ladies began shouting, Further information flouting, And Miss Goggin's voice was drowned, it's really very sad to state.

But they shrieked out to her shrilly: "Further reasons would be silly, If that's the first, you needn't mind About the other eight!"

Training of a Girl.

A mother lately asked how she could obtain a thorough education for her daughter. The question is so indefinite that a definite answer becomes difficult, for while every girl is entitled to a practical education, it stands to reason that it should not be gained at the expense of health and physical development, says a writer in the Pittsburg Dispatch. Without these her education will be neither profitable nor enjoyable.

In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, I, as a mother, do solemnly maintain that girls are different from boys, and for that very reason require different training and a different course of instruction. Let me explain. At an age when the physical laws of their sex tax them most heavily they are kept within the four walls of a close schoolroom for five or six hours a day. In many instances, it is too great a strain, mental as well as physical, and the nervous system soon shows the effects.

It really does seem impossible, in the mad hurry and drive of our American life, to cultivate in our girls the old moderate, easy, and natural way of studying. The average college graduate is often left a merely cultivated, agreeable girl, with bright ideas on all sorts of subjects and helpless as regards anything but a young lady's destiny, or else she worries herself with over-study into a state of nervous prostration, or keeps her parents in painful apprehension of some sudden failure in health.

Does she display unusual ability, parents demand and teachers frequently insist upon almost superhuman exertions, and with misplaced affection and cruel kindness encourage her to still greater efforts. And thus is sacrificed many a noble, happy womanhood. The greatest blessing a mother can confer upon her daughter, is not an exhaustive knowledge of mathematics nor the skill of a great musical performer; neither is it the ability to converse fluently in French or German, valuable and desirable as all these branches of study may be for disciplining the mind, clearing and refining the taste, and enlarging the bounds of enjoyment. Health, robust and blooming, with its ever perennial charm; this it is to which Eve's fair daughters have a right, compared with which all else sinks into insignificance.

Why, then, O mothers! insist upon your daughters spending time upon studies for which they have no taste, unless they are preparing for some profession where the study is a part of the curriculum? Keep them on the common branches until they are familiar with them; give them some knowledge of the physical sciences; train them in domestic habits, and make their health the first consideration. You will have equipped them for all the manifold emergencies of our uncertain life, so that if the current be contrary they can take an oar and help the struggling husband and father to guide the little houseboat safely into a quiet and peaceful haven.

Your daughter and mine, and hundreds of other people's daughters, will marry,—and in all probability rear a family—in spite of our strong-minded sisters and their declaration of independence to the contrary. That is woman's destiny. Given the children, they must be warmed and fed and clothed—particularly clothed—that is taken as a matter of course; but the one thing that is more important than anything else is the proper physical and mental training of herself and offspring. This is seldom, if ever, considered, and many a girl has confided to me her keen sense of weakness, ignorance and stupidity in these particulars.

"It is impossible for me or for any mother to decide in every particular case what is prudent or otherwise. I can only give general advice. But of one thing every mother may be sure—that when in doubt as to any course of study or line of action for her daughter, it is well to stop and consider whether it is going to be detrimental to her health, and act accordingly, for good health is a blessing beyond all price—a blessing which once lost is rarely fully recovered.

As the boy said of his Sunday-school book: "The moral sticks out all over."—Ex.

The Woman and the Home.

"It's nice to be a good housekeeper," said a bachelor man recently, "but I don't like the houses which are so well kept that you can't sit on the drawing-room chairs or have a fire in the grate." "In my opinion," he went on, and he was a doctor, too, "the surroundings of homes make for goodness of heart and physical and mental strength, or they make for the opposite.

"Houses aren't Bazaars, nor storerooms nor junkshops, and where women make their most serious mistake is in filling their houses with furniture and trappings which are beyond their means, and, therefore, too good to use.

"I like a homelike room," said he, "and it's not comfortable to be let into an unaired, darkened drawing-room, and perched on a reception chair, with your hostess perched on a similarly uncomfortable one, and ready to glare at you if you lean back."

We have a deal to answer for, we women who sit in the unattractive homes and wonder bitterly why husbands and the boys—yes, and the girls, too—prefer to go elsewhere for their frolics. We wouldn't let them frolic at home, except under the frown of our displeasure. We'd be too much afraid of our precious carpets, or our expensive furniture, or the "work" the general untidiness would entail.

Smile.

"Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look Where hearts are of each other sure."

Let the members of the family, as often as they meet, greet each other with a smile, since the first use of the smile is to express good will, the second to express mirth. Why do we not smile whenever we meet the eye of a fellow being? since smiles are the electric flashes that illumine the wide gulf that separates individualities. They are the true, intended recognition which ought to pass from soul to soul constantly.

Little children smile involuntarily, unconsciously. When bashful children smile and blush and hang their heads in the presence of strangers, there is hope that they will outgrow the infirmity of bashfulness, but when a child is not inclined to smile, there is little hope, and the malady usually degenerates into moroseness and oddity. Such children should be met with smiles, rather than words, thus encouraging them to smiles.

It is claimed that the habitual smiler is never a dyspeptic, that smiles promote the general health. Then for your own good and the good of others, keep a smiling countenance, remembering "If you bring a smiling visage to the glass, You will meet a smile."

JANET.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

The Gunmaker of Moscow.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.

"Ha!" uttered the monk, starting back a pace and clenching his hands. "Does he mean that?" "Oh, most truly he does!" the young countess replied, and she spoke more firmly now, for there was something in the sudden energy of the monk's exclamation that gave her hope.

"Then he wants your estates too. By my soul, he is aiming for wealth with a high hand! And do you suppose he fears Ruric Nevel in connection with this scheme?" "Yes, father—I will speak plainly, for I trust you. I do not think you would betray one who never harmed you."

"Let the end of these things tell you that. But now finish what you had begun—about your thoughts of the duke."

"He knows, holy father, that I love Ruric, and he knows, too, that Ruric loves me. May he not under such circumstances fear that the noble youth will try to thwart him?"

"Very likely," returned Vladimir thoughtfully. "I will profit by this, and I am much mistaken if you do not also profit by it. I have those in Moscow who will work for me. I cannot, of course, directly assure you of salvation, for Ruric may never be found."

A quick groan escaped from Claudia's lips as the monk thus spoke, but before Rosalind could speak the door of the apartment was opened, and the Duke of Tula strode in! He stopped as he came nigh to where the company stood, and his eyes flashed and his frame trembled with passion.

"How now?" he cried as soon as he could command speech. "What means this gathering here in my own palace? Meddling monk, how dare you drag your detestable form hither? Out, reptile, out! And let me catch you here again and my dogs shall tear you up as they do carrion!"

Without a word the monk turned away. His face was pale as death and his hands were clinched till the fingers' ends seemed to settle themselves into the palms.

"Remember," the duke exclaimed as Vladimir reached the door, "if you dare to cross my door stool again!"

"Hold!" gasped the monk in a hoarse, startling tone. "Offer no more threats. But, mark me, proud duke, you shall see the day on which you'll wish God had made you a dog ere he gave you speech to arouse the just vengeance of Vladimir!"

Thus speaking, the black monk disappeared. Olga started to pursue him, but he did not follow out the impulse. Ere he reached the door he stopped and turned back.

"And you, woman, who art thou?" he uttered, turning an angry look upon Claudia.

"I am a mourning mother in search of her lost son," the woman sadly replied.

"Ha! I see the likeness now. You are the woman Nevel, mother of the young villain who bears that name! Leave my palace at once, and don't you dare to enter it again!"

The poor woman tried to speak, but she could not. With a deep sob, she turned away and slowly walked from the room.

"Now," resumed the duke, turning toward Rosalind, "what means this secret council?"

"My lord," returned the countess, struggling hard to overcome her powerful emotions, "they were here—to—"

But she could not finish the sentence. Her soul was too deeply moved. She only gave the foul wretch one look of horror and disgust, and then, covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud. If the bad man had anything further to say, he reserved it for some future time.

[CONTINUED.]

A Good Recommendation.

"I have noticed that the sale on Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets is almost invariably to those who have once used them," says Mr. J. H. Weber, a prominent druggist of Cascade, Iowa. What better recommendation could any medicine have than for people to call for it when again in need of such a remedy? Try them when you feel dull after eating, when you have a bad taste in your mouth, feel bilious, have no appetite or when troubled with constipation, and you are certain to be delighted with the prompt relief which they afford. For sale by Wiley.

Rose: "Did you ever faint, Isabel?"

Isabel: "Only once; and I bumped my head so hard that I never tried it again."



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A property lying near the Ozark, with nowhere as good a showing and very little development, sold last week to a New York syndicate for \$200,000. The Ozark will pay dividends and be worth par inside of six months. This is the best investment for the money that has ever been offered to the investing public.

Do not lose this opportunity. It will never come again. For further particulars, prospectus, report of mine, references, etc., address

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NOT SERIOUS.

"Sarah, my dear," Professor Braynes remarked to his wife the other evening as he limped into the house after meeting one of his classes, "I do not wish to, alarm you at all, but I regret that a slight palsy has manifested itself in my left foot. It has felt chilly all day, and now to-night the use seems to have gone out of it entirely, so that I fear it is paralyzed."

"Let me take off your boot, Joseph," replied his better-half in a matter-of-fact tone of voice, "and we will then see what can be done. Why," she added a moment later, "You have had no sock on this foot all day and, upon my word, if you actually haven't got two socks on the other foot! Joseph, whatever do you mean by such conduct?"

A Cure for Lumbago.

W. C. Williamson, of Amherst, Va., says: "For more than a year I suffered from lumbago. I finally tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it gave me entire relief, which all other remedies had failed to do."

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

REMARKABLE CURE OF CROUP.

A Little Boy's Life Saved.

I have a few words to say regarding Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It saved my little boy's life, and I feel that I cannot praise it enough. I bought a bottle of it from A. E. Steere of Goodwin, S. D., and when I got home with it the poor baby could hardly breathe. I gave the medicine as directed every ten minutes until he "threw up," and then I thought sure he was going to choke to death. We had to pull the phlegm out of his mouth in great long strings. I am positive that if I had not got that bottle of cough medicine, my boy would not be on earth to-day.—JOEL DEMONT, Inwood, Iowa.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

They were standing in front of the shop window. "That bonnet would be very becoming to me," remarked his wife. "Yes," replied the husband, "but it won't be coming to you to-day."

A Certain Cure for Chilblains.

Stick into your shoes Allen's Foot-Powder. It cures chilblains, Frostbites, Croup, swelling, swollen feet. At all drug, glove and shoe stores, etc.

The colored slip on your paper denotes the time to which you have paid for your paper. If not correct notify us immediately. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not. If you want to discontinue your paper, write to the publisher yourself, and don't leave it to the postmaster.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 15, 1902.

It is reported that Mr. Roosevelt intends to send Mr. Cleveland as a delegate to the coronation of King Edward and that Congress will be asked to appropriate \$25,000 to foot the bills.

Statistics show that the inhabitants of the United States drink more coffee than any other nation in the world. More than one billion pounds were consumed last year, of which the cost was \$70,000,000.

The census returns show that more than 20 per cent. of the industrial wealth of the country is produced by one hundred and eighty-three corporations and that these corporations have an aggregate capitalization of \$3,607,539,200.

The citizens of Franklin, Wis., prayed for rain and bored for water at the same time and met with success from above and below. An artesian well overflowed the town to a depth of six inches and copious rain added to their difficulties.

There is no truth in the statement that Mr. Roosevelt "compelled his wife to shake hands with nine thousand people" New Years day. Mrs. Roosevelt shook hands with the diplomats and officials and merely bowed to the remainder of those who attended the reception.

We are pleased to receive from Mr. E. N. Swett, manager of the Smiley Shoe Store of Norway, a letter written on the same desk on which Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., wrote the Gunmaker of Moscow. Mr. Swett has the good fortune to be the possessor of this piece of furniture formerly the property of Mr. Cobb.

Mr. Roosevelt is a remarkably lucky man. He had scarcely entered the White House when the fire-eaters were gnashing their teeth over the Booker T. Washington incident. Then he had the good luck to have Henry Watterston sling ink at him, and now Senator Tillman, he of pitchfork fame, has called him the "stormy petrel" of politics.

Live stock to the value of \$301,406,000 was sold on the Chicago market last year, and yet the market was never seriously overstocked and good prices were maintained. The live stock market is a certain indication of the prosperity of the country. When times are hard the poor people are obliged to forego meat and the market is comparatively depressed.

Several years ago Miss McCobb gave Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works in Bethel, and those who were present have not gotten over laughing about it yet. Miss McCobb is brim full and running over with a genuine Yankee wit peculiar to herself, and this clever wit sparkles at just the times and places throughout her impersonations of Mrs. Jarley to make the entertainment which she gives one to be highly appreciated and never forgotten. The entertainment, as announced last week, is for the benefit of Bethel Library, which fact alone, should be sufficient to warrant a full house. Bethel people have never been slow to appreciate an entertainment of high order, nor to respond to appeals for the support of a worthy cause. Both these in one is what is being offered this time, and as a result the News will expect to say next week that Odeon Hall was filled to the doors by admirers of Mrs. Jarley.

If Cuba's future is as peaceful as was her election there will be ample cause for congratulating her.

Senator Clark is reported to have taken only ninety minutes in spending \$30,000 for paintings in New York the other day.

Eighty-four square inches of land offered for \$1000 is the biggest "asking price" yet recorded in New York City. Yet full lots have been sold at prices between \$2 and \$3 per square inch.

There is a small-pox epidemic raging in the lumber camps of the Adirondacks, over twenty cases in one camp at Tupper Lake. A number of cases have also been reported from other camps in that region.

The way for many folks to get rich is to make money and not spend it. But after all, if everybody would do this nobody would get rich. It takes a lot of spend-thrifts to make a community prosperous. A town where they were all misers would be as dead as a graveyard. It takes all kind of people to make a world.

Next to John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, Mr. Peavey, the recently deceased elevator man of Chicago, carried the largest life insurance in this country. He took out the policy for \$1,000,000 in the Mutual Life of New York only two years ago and had paid two premiums on it, amounting to \$96,780. He had besides about a third of a million more.

One of the proposed features of the St. Louis fair is the removal of a large red oak tree from the west section of Arkansas to Forest Park, St. Louis, without injuring it. The tree is 160 feet high and 12 feet in diameter at the base. A double tramway will be built from the tree to the river, where it will be floated and towed to St. Louis. It is estimated that this will occupy six months. The effort can be made and perhaps it may succeed, but the money and time expended can be put to a far more profitable use.

Finding His Bride.
In one part of the canton of Ticino, in Switzerland, a very quaint marriage ceremony prevails. The bridegroom dresses in his "Sunday best" and, accompanied by as many friends and relatives as he can muster for the fete, goes to claim his bride.

Finding the door locked, he demands admittance, the inmates ask him his business, and in reply he solicits the hand of his chosen maiden. If his answer be deemed satisfactory, he is successively introduced to a number of matrons and maids, some perhaps deformed and others old and ugly. Then he is presented to some large dolls, all of which he rejects with scorn, amid general merriment. The bewildered bridegroom, whose impetuosity and temper are now sorely tried, is then informed that his ladylove is absent and invited in to see for himself.

His Fluent Fount of Tears.
There are funny incidents in the life of a photographer. A man came in the other day and looked over all the samples, asking the price of each.

"Do you want a sitting?" I asked. "I don't see nothin' like what I want," he replied. I told him if he would indicate what he wanted I might arrange it. "You see, it's like this," he began. "I had a girl that I loved, and we was going to get married. She had her things made up, and we was all but ready, when she was taken ill and died. And what I wanted was a picture of me sittin' on her grave weepin'." I was touched at the homely story of grief and told him I could send a man with him to the grave and have the picture taken as he desired. "It's some distance," he said. "It's over in Ireland. I expect it 'ud cost a lot to send over your traps for what I want?" I said it would. "I thought," he answered, "that maybe you could rig up a grave here in your shop and I would weep on it and it would do just as well. It's no trouble for me to weep anywhere."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

How's Any One to Know?
Two little blue jeans overalls,
Two straw hats, "making wide";
Two rakes, two hoes, two shovels,
Two garden side by side.
Two little strangers, coy at first,
At last quite friendly-wise;
A little conversation
And a pretty big surprise.
"What's your name, little boy?" they ask
Each of the other, shy.
"Me? Why, I'm just a little girl!"
"You are? Why, so am I!"

CASTORIA.



ALL OVER - M.A.I.N.E.

Eli B. Young of Turner, 94 years old, committed suicide by hanging, recently. Poor health is supposed to have been the cause.

Among the latest batch of pension claims favorably acted upon at Washington was that of Ferdinand W. Merrill, Winn.

Edward Shearn of Mattawamkeag committed suicide recently by drinking carbolic acid. He had been working in the woolen mills at Pittsfield. No cause is known for the deed.

The suit of Walter R. King of Whitefield who was badly burned by electric wires in Gardiner in Sept., 1900, has been settled by the electric light company paying the plaintiff \$5,500.

Arthur Winslow, an 8-year-old boy of Blaine, while playing with an air rifle discharged it and the shot entered one of his eyes, penetrating the brain. It was necessary to remove the eye.

Millinocket's public schools opened for the first time Tuesday, the school house and equipment costing nearly \$18,000, just having been completed. The children turned out to the number of about 350.

Frank Stanhope of Whitneyville, a lumberman employed on the Machias river, died as a result of a blow from a falling tree. He was about 30 years old and leaves a widow and three small children.

During 1901 about 100 dwellings have been erected in Millinocket, and also a splendid big hotel, the Great Northern, a veritable palace in the woods. One church was built and two more will be built this year.

At the home of A. L. Estes near Auburn, a mysterious explosion took place last Wednesday. Mrs. Estes had put a stick of wood in the stove and gone into an adjoining room when she heard a crash and went back to find the cook stove a wreck.

The most important lumbering news of the winter in Maine is the announcement that Marsh & Ayer of Oldtown have secured control of the Eagle Lake country, so-called, a tract of timberland on the Allegash, below Chamberlain lake, the amount standing thereon being from 300,000,000 to 400,000,000 feet.

A new system of delivering oil and supplies to the locomotives has been introduced on the Grand Trunk railway. Engineers wanting supplies make application with a check for the amount, keeping themselves a duplicate of the same. At the end of the month checks and duplicates are compared and any mistakes easily rectified.

The farm buildings of James W. Day of New Sharon were burned early on the morning of the 5th. The family escaped in their night clothes and saved nothing. Part of the contents of the stable was saved, also the barn and a large herd of cattle. A weak-minded man named Henry Morrill, who made his home with Mr. Day, perished in the flames. The loss is \$3,500; not insured. The cause was a defective chimney.

Superintendent Lawrence of the American Ice Co., has decided to abandon the attempt to open the Penobscot river, and the tugs have ceased work. The attempt was abandoned because it would require four or five days longer to reach Bangor, and because the season is now so far advanced that it is doubtful if a new crop of sufficient thickness would make before March, which is a bad month for harvesting. In view of these circumstances and the fact that the American Ice Co. has sufficient ice for all purposes on the Hudson and Kennebec, it was thought unnecessary to spend further time and money in opening the Penobscot.

The Saco lodge of Masons will celebrate the centennial of its organization this year.

The Portland Daily News, the anti-Prohibition organ, which began publication last July, is suspended. Its publishers have made an assignment, through Lawyer James Connellan of that city. The liabilities are estimated at \$5000.

Antonio Rocco, an Italian, was brought to the Bangor hospital with injuries received at Brownville. The man's leg had to be amputated, his arm was injured, his fingers gone, an eye blown out, and nearly the entire left side of his head was blown off.

One of the male patients in the Eastern Maine Insane Hospital at Bangor, escaped from that institution last week and when found two days later at Olamon, his feet were so badly frozen that amputation of parts of both was necessary. The patient's home is in Fort Fairfield. He will recover.

Joseph Cook, a half-breed Indian, who has been staying in the lumber camps at Gray and North Yarmouth, was arrested Thursday night by two deputy sheriffs, charged with larceny. Dwellers in that locality have feared him and the officers had a hard time to find any one who would lead the way to Cook's camp.

The dwelling and stable of Chas. E. Sinclair of Ellsworth were burned Sunday afternoon together with six horses one of which was a valuable stallion. The loss is estimated at \$4500 with insurance of \$1300 on the buildings and no insurance on the horses. The stallion was a three-year-old, while one of the others was a mare by Dawn R., 2.19, valued at \$1000.

Madame Nordica was injured, though not seriously, in a collision between a passenger train and a freight train on the Southern railway, at an early hour Sunday morning, near Reeves station, 20 miles north of Rome, Georgia, and her accompanist, E. Romané Simons, was also injured. An engineer was killed and three other employees of the road were injured.

A manual training school it is hoped will soon be established in connection with the Good Will Farm, which is conducted by Rev. G. W. Hinckley at East Fairfield, probably before the close of the present year. The sum of \$50,000 is needed for the purpose and \$20,000 has already been pledged. A strong effort will be made to raise the remaining \$30,000 before May 1.

Mrs. Edward Hamlin died at her home in Boston Saturday, Jan. 4. Before marriage her name was Helen Hamlin, and she was the daughter of Dr. Augustus C. Hamlin of Bangor, who has done and is doing so much for Paris Hill. She was the "beautiful Helen of Maine" of Longfellow's poem "The Iron Pen," written in June, 1879, some three years before Longfellow's death.

A. S. Chadbourne, a nursery man belonging in Hallowell, met with a fatal accident at Augusta, Tuesday of last week. He had been staying with a relative, Jesse Tuck, in Augusta. Tuesday morning he was in the bath room when he slipped on the polished floor and pitched headlong through a window to the ground below, a distance of ten to twelve feet. His neck was broken by the fall. His age was about 50 years.

Thursday evening Mrs. Robert Armstrong of Montreal was drowned at the Boston and Maine Railroad bridge in Portland. Her husband is an iron puddler who has been at work at the Portland rolling mill for some time. Mrs. Armstrong and their two daughters were with him for a short time, and Thursday evening they followed the plank walk across the railroad bridge, but Mrs. Armstrong missed it at the draw and fell through. Her husband immediately jumped after, but was unable to rescue her, and was nearly chilled to death before he was himself rescued.

DISTURBED SLEEP IN CHILDHOOD

If a child is restless in the night, starting suddenly from sleep, tossing about the bed, grinding the teeth—growing thin and listless, apparently from loss of rest—the trouble is worms. A few doses of that famous old remedy,

TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR

will expel the worms, and cure the diseased conditions, causing the child to sleep well at night, and, naturally, give it a bright and cheerful disposition throughout the day. Dr. True's Pin Worm Elixir is a purely vegetable remedy that would not harm the most delicate child even if it had no worms. In use 50 years. Sold at stores generally, 35 cents. Booklet on Children and Their Diseases free. Write us for it.

Dr. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.
Special treatment for Tape Worms. Send for pamphlet.

We Always Have in Stock

A full line of the SOROSIS BUTTON AND LACE BOOTS and OXFORDS, price \$3.50, the best goods made for that price; and for \$3.00, we have the EVANGELINE, and they are as good as the best for that price; and for \$2.50 we have the new CENTURY. There is none better for the money. We carry them in B, C, D, E and EE widths. We can fit you. Please do not forget that we carry the largest stock of Footwear in the County, and one of the largest in the State. Come and see us.

....Smiley Shoe Store....

Norway Maine.
E. N. Swett, Manager and Salesman. F. W. Faunce, Salesman.
Eastern Telephone 112-3.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The decline in the use of bicycles has necessitated a reduction of capital stock of the combination from \$80,000,000 to \$27,000,000.

Recent paintings found in Egypt show that Noah was not the inventor of the boat. The Egyptians have used them for eighty centuries.

The loss of life by railroad accidents reported to The Chicago Tribune during the year 1901 was 3,669, as compared with 4,109 in 1900 and 3,696 in 1899.

A London physician estimates that at a modern ball the dancer travels on an average of fifteen miles during the evening. His estimate will hardly bear inspection.

Thursday, at Nashua, N. H., Dr. Royal B. Prescott died at the age of 63. He served during the Civil war, was on the skirmish line at the time of Lee's capture and was the first Union soldier to enter Richmond.

Miss Ledrande Lecuyer, commonly known as Annie Beaudry, a mill employe at Manchester, N. H., Saturday morning, shot Miss Jennie Gagnon, inflicting a quite serious but not necessarily fatal injury, and then committed suicide.

Orders have been issued to sell all the horses on the Palo Alto, Cal., stock farm. Only ten of the most famous brood mares will be retained. This stock farm was established in 1877 and held all the world's trotting records in 1892.

Ex-Gov. James S. Hogg of Texas owns a tract of three hundred acres of land in that State, on which oil has been discovered, with a flow of 30,000 barrels per day. He says the land is worth \$800,000 per acre, making his wealth in that field alone more than \$80,000,000.

An Indiana bride of 87 years has left her 93-year-old husband, after three months of wedded life, because he won't stop fighting and settling down. An exchange says this should be a warning to every maiden, not to marry the man of her choice until he has put aside youthful follies.

America takes the lead in a new line over the sea. A Monte Carlo dispatch says that Charles M. Schwab, the American Steel Trust millionaire, is the lion there. Schwab's luck is phenomenal. His daily winnings average \$20,000. He repeatedly stakes the limit, \$10,000, and is followed from table to table by players who back his luck with their comparatively insignificant bets. He is the most stared at man visiting the Casino, all Europe having learned that he is the highest salaried man in the world, and all Europe being represented there.

SOUTH

Local and Personal

Our Prof. H. R. ... is, is better at school, this we ... The High School played "Triss" at Oxford Saturday go to Paris Hill.

Mr. Loring friend, Mr. W. few days with Mrs. Winfield.

Judge George gerously ill.

The Pythian per and entertained evening. The lyceum Thursday.

The Good Church a supper and evening night. T short farce, on the Rough Diamond.

The Universal ciation met with at his home last ing.

The Seneca C meeting, Tuesday Miss Susie M. ned a social at Mertie Maxim, Susie Wheeler, will serve tea a Taylor, Eva W Walker will be mittee.

Rev. Clarence al field secretary Endeavor, will ings here on the ning of Jan. 28.

The Pythian S the following off ning:

C. C.—Mrs. George V. C.—Mrs. Jam Prelate—Mrs. Jo K. of R. & S.—M M. of F.—Mrs. C Organist—Mrs. A I. G.—Mrs. Walla O. G.—Mrs. Char M. of A.—Mrs. H A. M. of A.—Mrs. P. C.—Mrs. George M. O.—Mrs. Jenn M. of E.—Mrs. Ge

LOCKE

There were n church last Sabb the storm.

Randall Cummi last week canvass of the world an Home Companion

Walter Bragg w day.

Isaac Noyes o spending a few daughter, Mrs. W

A school exhibi en the last day of

Rev. O. L. Stone M. E. church at day night.

Mrs. James C been in poor hea improving.

Miss Belle Broo ting her aunt in

Mr. Mont Cole every Sunday wi this place.

WEST B

Loaded teams at the river on the ice

The days are and the winter is

Edgar Briggs ha from South Paris of three months.

Another light day, giving the ro tie exercise for the

Miss Flora J. W back to Jefferson, her thirty-fifth ter that town.

Lysander Ordwa fined to his hous two weeks, and hi for a season.

Mrs. Jane M. W ed her house and to spend the reman ter with her mar Mrs. I. W. Mason.

A Sensibl

Would use Kemp's Throat and Lungs more Coughs, C Bronchitis, Croup and Lung Troubles, medicine. The pro thorized any druggi Sample Bottle fre you of the merit of edy. Price 25c and

SOUTH PARIS NEWS.

Local and Personal Items From Our Shire Town.

Prof. H. R. Eaton, who has been ill, is better and opened the high school, this week.

The High School Dramatic Club played "Triss" to a large audience at Oxford Saturday night. They go to Paris Hill Friday night.

Mr. Loring Starbird and his friend, Mr. Weeks, are spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Starbird.

Judge George A. Wilson is dangerously ill.

The Pythian Sisters gave a supper and entertainment Wednesday evening. The P.H.S.L.A. give a lyceum Thursday evening.

The Good Cheer Society will give a supper and entertainment Tuesday night. They will present a short farce, entitled "Margery, or the Rough Diamond."

The University Extension Association met with Henry Fletcher, at his home last Wednesday evening.

The Seneca Club held a special meeting Tuesday afternoon, with Miss Susie M. Wheeler and planned a social and tea for Jan. 18. Mertie Maxim, Grace DeMotte, Susie Wheeler, and Olive Stuart will serve tea and Mrs. Margaret Taylor, Eva Walker, and Mertie Walker will be the reception committee.

Rev. Clarence Eberman, national field secretary of the Christian Endeavor, will hold special meetings here on the afternoon and evening of Jan. 28.

The Pythian Sisterhood installed the following officers Tuesday evening:

C. C.—Mrs. George Cutting.
V. C.—Mrs. James Wright.
Prelate—Mrs. John Everett.
K. of R. & S.—Mrs. Frank Taylor.
M. of F.—Mrs. Carroll Curtis.
Organist—Mrs. Annie Fletcher.
I. G.—Mrs. Wallace Strickland.
O. G.—Mrs. Charles Johnson.
M. of A.—Mrs. Horace Edwards.
A. M. of A.—Mrs. J. G. Littlefield.
P. C.—Mrs. George Wilson.
M. O.—Mrs. Jennie Bates.
M. of E.—Mrs. George Eastman.

LOCKE MILLS.

There were no services at the church last Sabbath on account of the storm.

Randall Cummings was in town last week canvassing for an atlas of the world and The Woman's Home Companion.

Walter Rand was in Bethel Friday.

Isaac Noyes of Greenwood is spending a few days with his daughter, Mrs. Will Coolidge.

A school exhibition will be given on the last day of school.

Rev. O. L. Stone preached in the M. E. church at Bethel, last Friday night.

Mrs. James Crooker, who has been in poor health all winter, is improving.

Miss Belle Brown has been visiting her aunt in Lewiston.

Mr. Mont Cole of Berlin, spends every Sunday with his family in this place.

WEST BETHEL.

Loaded teams are again crossing the river on the ice.

The days are growing longer, and the winter is passing away.

Edgar Briggs has returned home from South Paris after an absence of three months.

Another light fall of snow Sunday, giving the roadbreakers a little exercise for their horses.

Miss Flora J. Wheeler has gone back to Jefferson, N. H., to teach her thirty-fifth term of school in that town.

Lysander Ordway has been confined to his house by illness for two weeks, and his store is closed for a season.

Mrs. Jane M. Wheeler has closed her house and gone to Mexico to spend the remainder of the winter with her married daughter, Mrs. I. W. Mason.

A Sensible Man

Would you use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all Throat and Lung Troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle Free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Price 25c and 50c.

NEWRY CORNER.

"When snow lies deep and trumpets keep
Their vigils long and chill,
When valleys wide and mountainside
Lie smooth and white and still,
How glad I'd be were I but free,
My destiny to rule,
What perfect joy I'd be a boy,
Out sliding after school."

Our farmers have commenced harvesting their ice, and pronounce it never thinner or poorer than at the present time.

Mrs. Belle Pynes has been ill with the prevailing cold.

Mr. James Spinney and family moved to their new home on Sunday River last week.

Mr. George Spinney has trapped thirty-six foxes this season.

We miss our rightful cream-gatherer, St. John Hastings, from his route. Master Fred Bailey is meanwhile doing the work.

Bear River Grange had an all day meeting at its last session. The forenoon was devoted to the installation of officers by Past Master, John Brown. At noon, oysters, pastry and coffee were served. The afternoon was occupied in conferring upon candidates the third and fourth degrees.

Don't forget, Wednesday evening, Jan. 22, to visit Bear River Hall.

EAST BETHEL.

Miss Rose Kimball visited her home here the 12th.

Miss Blanche Bartlett is visiting relatives in Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. A. M. Bean is quite ill with lagrippe.

George Swan and Wm. Holt with their teams, are working in Milton.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Whitney from Harrison are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Tracy.

The Young Whist Club was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Kimball last Friday evening. F. B. Howe won the gentleman's prize, and Mrs. F. B. Howe won the ladies'. Score, 77 and 71. Miss Hester Kimball and Miss Amy Bartlett served refreshments.

NORWAY.

Fred Brock is again at his post in the Beal's House office.

Miss Nellie Dunham is critically ill of pneumonia.

Sunan E. Gilkey, who has been confined in the Insane Hospital at Augusta for about ten years, died there last week.

John A. Upton of Albany is staying with his sister, Mrs. W. E. Wheeler.

Geo. W. Tracy of East Bethel was in town on business last Wednesday.

Mrs. Eliza Winslow is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. John Hayes.

Mrs. C. Eugene Rowe has a situation in Auburn.

Walter M. Gibson left the hotel at Bryant Pond without paying his bills. He was arrested and brought before the municipal court and fined ten dollars and cost and for want of the money to settle was committed to jail.

Miss June Leavitt, one of our most promising young teachers, has been substituting for the teacher, Mercy Millett, at the upper primary school.

ANDOVER.

Cabot Lodge K. of P's. and Ellis Glen Pythian Sisterhood gave a double public installation Friday, Jan. 10, at the Town Hall. The work of both orders was beautifully done, yet the ladies carried off the honors for graceful and artistic work, but then that is more in their line surely. Quite a number were present from brother lodges.

Week of prayer was observed at the Congregational church with meetings Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, and a goodly attendance noted.

We understand the ladies of Andover intend to give a large dancing whist party in the near future.

H. O. Burditt and daughter Ella spent the Sabbath with friends in town.

Mrs. Fannie Dresser is visiting friends in Portland and will not return for some time.

A lively flame was started in the house of George Huse recently, caused by a chimney's burning out. However it was quickly subdued as the wind fortunately was not blowing and the fire was discovered before too late.

RUMFORD FALLS.

H. L. Elliott was in Lewiston on business, Saturday.

Deputy Sheriff Porter is sick with the grip.

Mrs. Orrington Berry of Lewiston was calling on friends in town the past week.

Mrs. James H. McKeenan visited friends in Lewiston and Auburn last week.

Mrs. Amanda Voter has rented her place to Mrs. S. W. Shaw and will visit her daughter, Mrs. M. H. Daggett, in Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. J. L. Hoyle is visiting her people in Bath for a few weeks.

The Universalist Aid met with Mrs. Geo. A. Gates, Tuesday afternoon, and chose officers for the ensuing year, as follows:

Pres.—Mrs. Geo. A. Gates.
Vice-Pres.—W. E. Humphrey.
Sec.—Mrs. J. K. McKenzie.
Treas.—Mrs. Payson Smith.
Com. on Work.—Mrs. P. W. Edwards, Mrs. H. L. Elliott, and Mrs. O. A. Pettigill.

It is the intention of the president to hold a fair in the near future.

The news of the death of Albert H. Austin came as a shock to the community on Thursday. He was taken with pneumonia, on Sunday and died at noon, Thursday. Mr. Austin was but twenty-nine years of age and an only son. He had always been on the home farm with his father, Mr. Sidney A. Austin, and was loved and respected by all who knew him. He leaves a wife, son, father, mother, and one sister to mourn his death. The funeral took place at his father's on Sunday at 12:30, Rev. J. D. Graham officiating.

C. E. Lewis of Lewiston, representing Swift Bros. of Chicago, was in town last week with a carload of beef.

Mr. Fred Brown slipped down the stairs that lead to the Business Men's club one evening last week, breaking his leg. He was taken to a hospital in Lewiston.

George Lufkin left last week for Maine Wesleyan, after spending the holidays with his parents.

Rev. N. J. Horan, who has been the pastor of the Catholic church here since the town started, has been transferred to Calais, to succeed Fr. Walsh who has been transferred to Bangor, as rector of St. Mary's church, to succeed the late Rev. Michael C. O'Brien.

Fred Farmer, an employee of the Continental Paper Bag Co., met with a severe accident Thursday while working around the elevator. He jammed his arm in two different places making very painful wounds which will lay him up for some time.

The Safety Joint and Rail Company of Rumford Falls is making preparations to build a short stretch of road to demonstrate the usefulness of this rail. The test will be made in Cape Briton. The shares are now selling for \$1.00 per share, treasury stock to raise money to pay the expenses of demonstrating what the rail is. About five thousand shares were sold here last week.

W. I. White has completed the new store room for the International Paper Co. This room is about 100x70 feet and fitted throughout with tier after tier of boxes or pigeon holes made for the express purpose of holding nuts, bolts, iron rods, wire etc., and also a fine large nail box which will hold 28 kegs of nails.

Joseph Boulanger, who died Saturday of last week, was insured in the Modern Woodmen of America for \$1000 and was a member in good standing.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

Ethel Sanborn is quite ill.

A. M. Carter has been at home a few days.

Willis Chase has sprained his ankle.

Randall Cummings has delivered the Woman's Home Companion for January, and the premium atlas.

Ellen P. Kimball and Florence have been visiting friends in Albany.

B. W. Kimball is shipping hay from Bethel depot.

Many School Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Deafness. Write for full particulars. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Orin, Ltd., Lowell, N. Y.

Catarrh

The cause exists in the blood, in what causes inflammation of the mucous membrane.

It is therefore impossible to cure the disease by local applications.

It is positively dangerous to neglect it, because it always affects the stomach and deranges the general health, and is likely to develop into consumption.

Many have been radically and permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses the blood and has a peculiar alternative and tonic effect. R. Long, California Junction, Iowa, writes: "I had catarrh three years, lost my appetite and could not sleep. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and now have a good appetite, sleep well, and have no symptoms of catarrh."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. It is better not to put off treatment—buy Hood's today.

WEST LOVELL.

Quite a number of the farmers packed their ice last week.

Fred Stearns and wife were made happy by the arrival of a baby boy, Jan. 10. Mrs. D. W. Nichols and Miss Nellie Lord are helping them.

Daniel McAllister from the village has been yarding his poplar off the Ed Bell lot.

Mrs. Hattie C. Nichols has purchased the Hatch place and will repair the buildings, preparatory to spending the summers here.

NORTH ALBANY.

Mr. Wm. H. Mason who has been suffering with a bad toe has had it removed at the foot joint, by Dr. Twaddle.

Clement Belfontaine is still confined to the house.

Annie Pingree is improving quite fast, under the treatment of Dr. Green of Boston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Bennett have gone to live with their daughter, Mrs. Brown, for the winter.

The Paris Mfg. Co. lost a fine horse last week, cause unknown.

Will Chadbourne has a crew of men camping by Broken Bridge Pond, cutting hard wood on his lot and hauling it to the Mfg. Co's mill.

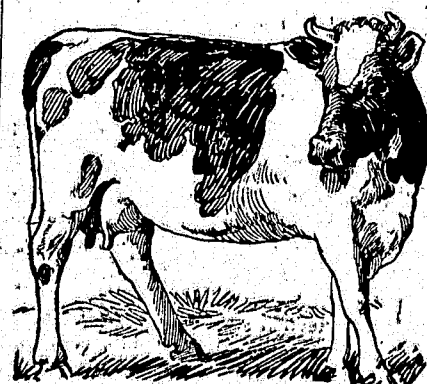
THE HOLSTEIN COW.

Good Points Shown at the Pan-American Dairy Test.

The Holstein cow Margaret Lincoln Second Dektol, owned by Mr. Goodell of Antrim, N. H., established her first record the week she was three years old by producing 16 pounds 11 ounces of butter, says Rural New Yorker. At the New England fair at Portland, Me., 1896, she won first prize for a three-year-old, and at the last New England fair, 1900, she was a leading member of the herd, winning the first prize at the same place, also winning first prize in the twenty-four hour butter test at the same time.

A report from the model dairy at the Pan-American exposition said of the Holstein herd:

"One of the notable features of the dairy test is the manner in which the Holsteins have maintained their large flow of milk. They have, in fact, shown the least inclination to decrease as the season advances of any breed in the stable. A study of the ration fed to these cows will in a measure account for these results. At the time green



A GOOD HOLSTEIN COW.

feed was first furnished the herdsman in charge of these cattle cut hay entirely out of his rations and also reduced very materially his grain feed, making the bulk of the Holstein rations from green feed. Later, when the time came that no green feed was given and dependence must be had on silage, by returning to the amount of grain that he fed in the beginning of the season he was able not only to keep up the flow of milk, but to advance his herd above the position that they occupied during the summer, thus again demonstrating the fact that excessive grain feeding for a long period is not always conducive to profit or production, particularly in combination with green forage crops."

Widow Casey: "Ah, Mr. Dolan, when my old man died it left a big hole in my heart."

Mr. Dolan: "Mrs. Casey, would ye mind patchin' it wid a bit out of mine?"

Site for the Memorial.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

him after death, as it old in life, that their graves are to lie there hereafter in the protection of his mighty tomb whose shadow will cast a benediction upon them.

Back of these pathetic little graves lie those of his father and mother and sister. Between them—a link in death as in life—William McKinley would have reposed himself had not the love and the honor of the nation willed otherwise. Only simple headstones rise above them, characteristic in this very simplicity of the strong, unpretentious natures that lie beneath them.

"William McKinley,
1801-1892."

"N. A. McKinley,
1809-1897."

He owed much to them, these sturdy, God-fearing parents, did William McKinley, and he could have raised a towering monument above them. But he obeyed the wish of their cold, white lips as he had the ruddy ones of life, and bestowed them for their long, last sleep with all the simple dignity they loved and lived as well.

Until the memorial tomb is built, the body of William McKinley will lie in the public receiving vault, where it was placed on Sept. 18, the day of the funeral. The massive coffin rests as it was placed there last September, encircled by the folds of the Stars and Stripes. This vault is a simple but effective bit of mortuary architecture. It was a gift to Westlawn Cemetery a number of years ago by Mrs. Frank Mason Werts of Canton, in honor of her husband. It is of Romanesque design, constructed of rock-faced and dressed Massillon sandstone at a cost of \$5,000, and is built into the hillside. Night and day it is guarded by a detail of United States soldiers, forty-five in number.

These soldiers find their principal occupation in warding off relic-hunters. Every day and all hours of the day, there is a stream of visitors at the vault. So strong is their desire for a remembrance—a faded flower, a bit of ribbon, even a spear of grass—that the utmost precaution must be taken to thwart them. A sentry keeps watch at the door of the vault, while other soldiers walk beats at the top and sides of the hill. So wearing is this duty, especially in the still watches of the night, when even the bravest feel a shadow of fear in a gruesome cemetery, that the hours of service are cut down to the smallest limit and each man gets three days off each week. To counteract the monotony of this existence the men are drilled twice a day, and it is somewhat of an incongruity to hear the brazen note of the trumpet in a cemetery calling out the commands and to see the lively maneuvers of the men.

Westlawn Cemetery is practically on the outskirts of Canton, though an active man or an athletic girl of the day could walk it in twenty minutes. Should one care to ride, the electric car takes him within five minutes of the gates, and when the memorial tomb is built and the national flag begins, there will be a line to the cemetery itself.

While not a show cemetery in any sense of the word—its unpretentiousness would militate against that—Westlawn is one of simple, appealing beauty and a quiet but definite charm. About it is an intangible sense of spirituality altogether missing from those grand cemeteries that demand admiration, and it touches the gentler admirations like the distant sound of sweet-toned church bells.

Westlawn is a fine bit of rolling country, comprising some sixty-five acres of well-diversified ground. Nature has done much for it, and, in the main, nature has been left wisely alone. Where art has stepped in, it has been to complement, not to contradict, as is so often the case. Its hills and valleys retain their first curvings and are still covered with their native oaks, some of giant size and all impressive with the dignity of

age and fitness. These are set off here and there, by other indigenous trees, so judiciously planted that the charm of a primitive landscape is never departed from. A beautiful little stream that widens into two tiny lakes, framed with tall trees and mirroring the beauties about them, winds lazily through the cemetery with no set purpose in view until it is forced into the picturesque activity of a waterfall. This stream is spanned at several places by rustic stone bridges, which afford admirable points to view the landscape. Everywhere the eyes rest are scenes of quiet beauty, and within its comparatively scant acreage there is far greater diversity than many a more pretentious cemetery could present.

This nation holds the wishes of the dead in reverence and is eager to fulfill them, so there was no dissentient voice that William McKinley should prefer to lie in the quiet of his home town rather than in the greater publicity of a great city. Rather, it saw in it only one more manifestation to add to the thousands it already knew, of the innate simplicity and sentiment of the man that pomp and vainglory could not destroy. And it honored him even more in death than in life, because he was true to himself and his ideals.

The character and size of the memorial tomb cannot be determined, of course until all the money has been collected. It will, however, be architecturally worthy the great dead it honors and the still greater nation that honors him. It will typify the strength and grandeur of both; it will teach, with the enduring eloquence of stone, the lesson of good citizenship and stalwart Americanism he lived and preached, and it will show to all the countries of the earth how well this nation loves a man who loved it.

The McKinley National Memorial Association, which has its headquarters at Cleveland, in raising funds for this memorial tomb at Canton, Ohio, seeks the offerings of the many, rather than the gifts of the few. William McKinley was the people's President, and his memorial should come from them. The association has organized the country so that every one—no matter how remote from the activities of the world—has easy opportunity to contribute. Every postmaster and every banker in the land receive contributions; every express agent will forward them free of charge to the treasurers of the State committees or to the treasurer of the association, Myron T. Herrick, at Cleveland. Every contributor will receive an artistic souvenir certificate well worthy of preservation.

The officers of the McKinley National Memorial Association are William R. D. y, Canton, O., President; Marcus A. Hanna, Washington, Vice-President; Myron T. Herrick, Cleveland, Treasurer, and Ryerson Ritchie, Cleveland, Secretary. WM. R. SAGE.

A Couple of Jokers.

Judge Joseph Aspinall's reputation as a humorist on the bench is proverbial, but when off the bench he rarely jokes. Hence it was that Assistant District Attorney Martin W. Littleton, the after dinner jollifier, was taken by surprise when the judge calmly inquired:

"Martin, you are interested in athletics. Tell me the name of the champion shot putter."

"I'll have to pass that, judge."

"Well, then, what's the matter with cannon?"

Mr. Littleton recoiled from the impact, but, quickly recovering, replied:

"Ah, yes, very neat. But, by the way, I see you are one of the entries in the big paper chase."

"Paper chase? What paper chase?" said the judge unguardedly.

"The chase for greenbacks, judge. Good day. Glad to have met you." New York Times.

How to Distinguish Tender Beef. Meat, to be wholesome, must come from a healthy animal; to be nutritious, from a well nourished one. Much used muscles absorb much food material, making rich, juicy meat. This is, however, tougher than that of parts less used, because the connective tissue and fiber increase as well as the contents of the muscle tubes. The lean of good beef is firm, elastic and when first cut purplish red, the surface becoming bright red and moist after exposure to the air. The tenderer cuts are fine grained and well mottled with fat; a thick layer of firm, light, straw colored fat extends over the rib and loin cuts, the kidney cover is white and crumbly. Flabby, dark or coarse beef with yellow fat is poor. If it has little fat, it is from an old or underfed creature.—Beatrice Raven in American Queen.

BUSINESS CARDS.

MISS E. E. BURNHAM,
Millinery, Fancy Goods and Jewelry,
BETHEL, ME.

HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, ME.

H. H. HASTINGS,
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A. W. GROVER,
Pension Attorney,
28 Main St., BETHEL, MAINE.
Office days the last three of each week.

J. B. TWADDELE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
BETHEL, ME.

Office and Residence at
E. J. Holt's on Chapman Street.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

DR. GARDINER L. STURDIVANT,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
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Physician and Surgeon,
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LODGING HOUSE AND RESTAURANT.
TRANSIENTS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
Bridge St., RUMFORD FALLS, ME.

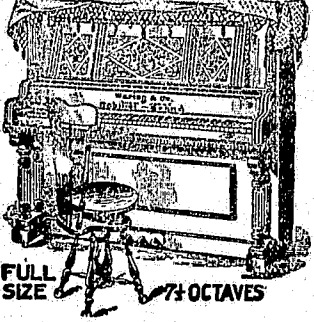
MYRON W. MAXIM,
DEALER IN
Bicycles and Sporting Goods.
Special Machinery and Appliances
for all kinds of Repairs.
South Paris, Maine.

HERRICK BROTHERS,
MACHINISTS,
Bicycle Repairing,
Fine Machine Work
a Specialty.
W. BETHEL, ME.

New Line

Ladies' and Gents' Boots, Shoes,
and Rubbers.
Shoe Dressings of all kinds.
Rubber and Leather Cement.
Sole Leather by the side.
Crocheted Slipper Soles.
Repairing promptly attended to.

E. E. RANDALL,
MAIN ST., BETHEL.



THIS PIANO, Entirely New,
Delivered FREE within 200 Miles of Boston.

Only \$225.

EASY PAYMENTS
of \$15 down and \$6 a month until paid for. We believe it is the best piano ever sold for \$225, and we warrant it fully, but, of course, it is not an Ivers & Pond. It would be cheap at \$275, and much inferior instruments are frequently sold at from \$350 to \$400. Cash buying in cash lots and a narrow selling margin make our price possible. We purpose making our waresome of the natural market for pianos at all prices, as they have always been for highest grade pianos. Our list of piano bargains mailed free. Write to-day.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co.
114 and 116 Boylston St., Boston.

THE TOUCH DOES IT

Benson's Plasters are like your other friends—they hate to see you in pain or in weakness and are dog-tired hearing you complain about it. They want to cure you and send you along to your business—whole and happy. They can do it and will do it. Try them on. What for? Why for any cough or cold you may be troubled with, or any other ailment, or any sore, or any itching, or any pain, or any swelling, or any inflammation, or any rheumatism, or any neuralgia, or any sciatica, or any headache, or any toothache, or any earache, or any eye-sore, or any skin-disease, or any other ailment. They are the get-out-to-morrow plasters—not the sort that go to sleep on your skin like a cat on a cushion. There is comfort and speedy relief in the touch of them. No other external remedy, no matter how made or how called, is worthy to live in the same street with Benson's Plasters. Pains and ailments melt away under them as a sheet of ice does under the Spring sun. You cannot foretell the effect of Benson's Plasters; it is as sure as the effect of a hot blanket in a hungry man's stomach. But look out for substitutes. Get the genuine. All druggists, or we will prepay postage on any number ordered in the United States on receipt of 25c. each.

Seabury & Johnson, Mfg. Chemists, N. Y.

DAIRY HUSBANDRY.

D. H. Otis, Head of New Department in Kansas College.
The creation of a chair of dairy husbandry by the regents of the Kansas Agricultural college marks another advance in the dairy work of the state, says The Creamery Journal.



Professor D. H. Otis, who is at the head of this department, was born and raised on a dairy farm in Kansas. He graduated from the Kansas Agricultural college in 1892 and took his master's degree in 1897. He was appointed assistant in agriculture in December, 1892, and assistant professor of dairy-

ing in July, 1900, and professor of dairy husbandry in July, 1901. He also took a short course in dairying at the Iowa Agricultural college.

Mr. Otis has had charge of classes for the past four years. In teaching Mr. Otis' aim has been to give the science of the subject and at the same time to keep before the minds of the students the money making application of the work. While Mr. Otis has had considerable experience in making butter and for two years gave the instruction in butter making at the Kansas Dairy school his chief attention has been given to the farm end of the dairy work, in the selection, breeding, feeding and handling of the dairy cow and her calf. As a member of the experiment station force Mr. Otis has done considerable work along the line of feeding and developing the dairy cow and her calf in testing the variations in the quality of milk, in testing different feeds and combinations of feeds for the largest production of milk and in testing the effect of different feeds upon the quality of butter.

Care of Dairy Cows.
It is the best plan to clean out the gutters twice each day and not allow a great accumulation of matter at a time, says the New York Tribune. With a good floor and tight gutters there should be material at hand for use as absorbents and deodorizers. Brushing and carding the cows each day tend to cleanliness and are worth their cost in increased milk. There should be plenty of bedding, and fresh materials should be supplied as fast as it is worn out and disappears in the gutter. Long horse manure fresh from the stable makes a fine absorbent, better than muck, and then the mixing of the two manures makes each the more valuable. Land plaster and South Carolina rock, acidulated, make fine deodorizers and add value to the manure carried away, as they, on the one hand, strengthen the manure in phosphoric acid and in the "fixing" of ammonia. To our liking clay road dust is the equal of either as a deodorizer.

Potency of Young Bulls.
We think that a good bull that has been well kept without being allowed to get too fat and not given too much service should get from 80 to 90 per cent of his cows with calf at fourteen months old, and we doubt if there is much difference in the breeds at that age, says American Cultivator. We have known the Jersey to get calves much younger, but do not think he would be any more sure as a stock getter or capable of doing more service at fourteen or fifteen months old than one from the larger breeds. Often a young bull may get an old cow with calf when an older one would fail, and those who cannot succeed in getting an old cow with calf may well try a yearling bull.

Cottonseed Hulls as Feed.
Tennessee experiment station states that properly used cottonseed hulls are a valuable addition to foodstuffs for milk cows. "We recommend as much as fifteen pounds of cottonseed hulls in the daily ration per 1,000 pounds live weight. A larger proportion has caused a weakening of the digestive powers, evidenced in some cases by a tendency to diarrhea, in others to constipation." Cottonseed meal can be fed safely for long periods as much as five pounds per day per 1,000 pounds live weight in the ration for cows giving milk. For butter making it is not advisable to exceed three pounds daily.

To Clean Milk Utensils.
Rinse first with cold water and then wash thoroughly with hot water and afterward introduce live steam if possible. If this is not available, keep in boiling water for eight or ten minutes. Let them stand in the sun as much as possible.

Dairy Notes.
Do not allow the milk to freeze. Never mix fresh milk with that which has been cooled.
Do not allow dogs, cats or loafers to be around at milking time.
Milk with dry hands. Never allow the hands to come in contact with the milk.
When cans are hauled far, they should be full and carried in a spring wagon.

Getting Thin

is all right, if you are too fat; and all wrong, if too thin already. Fat, enough for your habit, is healthy; a little more, or less, is no great harm. Too fat, consult a doctor; too thin, persistently thin, no matter what cause, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

There are many causes of getting too thin; they all come under these two heads: over-work and under-digestion. Stop over-work, if you can; but, whether you can or not, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, to balance yourself with your work. You can't live on it—true—but, by it, you can. There's a limit, however; you'll pay for it.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the readiest cure for "can't eat," unless it comes of your doing no work—you can't long be well and strong, without some sort of activity.

The genuine has this picture on it, take no other. If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you. **SCOTT & BOWNE** Chemists, 409 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.



Homemade Starters.
On the farm milk or skim milk is the starter most easy to procure. Select a good, healthy cow, put her milk into a well scalded can and keep at a temperature of 85 to 90 degrees until it becomes clabbered. Then use about one part of starter in nine parts of cream, says D. H. Otis in Kansas Farmer. The cream may be taken at a temperature anywhere from 60 degrees to 75 degrees if care be taken to cool it down as soon as the right amount of lactic acid is developed. The starters materially hasten the souring or ripening of the cream. The lactic acid germs in the starter are so much more numerous and multiply so rapidly that they very largely if not entirely overcome any undesirable germs that may happen to get into the cream. By the use of starters good sweet cream may be put in good condition for churning in from twelve to twenty-four hours. Using starters and checking the souring at the right point will undoubtedly go a long way toward bettering the flavor of our country butter.

Treatment For Scours.
I prefer giving the preventive rather than the cure for scours, says a correspondent of National Stockman. The old adage that an ounce of the former is worth a pound of the latter was never more true than in the raising of the calf. A treatment, though, that has helped the writer out of many of his ignorant blunders is as follows: Take the calf, no matter if it is so far gone that the eyes are glassy, put it in a comfortable pen by itself, immediately mix three-fourths teaspoonful of laudanum and two teaspoonfuls of sweet oil in a little milk and give to it. Then give small quantities of 98 degree milk until well.

Feeding Dairy Cattle.
The dairy cow should have grain every day in the year, varying the amount according to season and the stage of lactation, says the Ohio Farmer. Even in the summer, with an abundant pasture, grain should be fed, although if the pasture is short the supplementary food, besides grain, should be largely of softening crops. In feeding cornstalks the ration should be balanced by also feeding oats, peas, bran and cottonseed meal. On this plan or any similar one a dairy herd may be built up that will pay a profit even in the face of the really excellent product of the creamery at a low price.

Trouble With Cream.
Director C. E. Thorne of the Ohio experiment station recommends the following treatment for milk that only raises a thin coat of cream and which forms a hard curd at bottom of pan: Scald the milk thoroughly as soon as brought in from the barn. Strain the milk into a shallow tin vessel, and set this in a larger one containing water. Place the latter on the stove and heat until the milk is thoroughly wrinkled over the top; then set away in a cool place.

Big Nebraska Dairy Farm.
Mr. H. D. Watson of Kearney, Neb., has a dairy farm of 8,000 acres, 2,500 acres of which are in alfalfa. He has a barn 96 by 256 feet and 56 feet in height, with a silo 62 feet long, 32 feet deep and 30 feet wide. The barn is constructed to hold 350 cows, each cow having stall without being

WIT AND WISDOM.
A good two-foot rule—Keep your feet dry.

Impossible to foresee an accident. Not impossible to be prepared for it. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Monarch over pain.

Edith—Who was it said, "Money is the root of all evil?"
Harold—Some old guy who married for it, probably.

"Little Colds" neglected—thousands of lives sacrificed every year. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures little colds—cures big colds too, down to the very verge of consumption.

Sue Brette—I see they have named a cigar for your leading man!
Manager—Well, I hope to gracious it will draw better than he does.

Two million Americans suffer the torturing pangs of dyspepsia. No need to. Burdock Blood Bitters cures. At any drug store.

"You've lynched the wrong man!" cried the sheriff. "Well," replied Alkali Ike, thoughtfully, "it's a great piece of luck that we didn't find it out in time to spoil the fun."

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, no Pay. Price 25 cents. 1y Aug 22.

King Edward has bestowed medals on the mule drivers in South Africa. The man who can successfully drive a Missouri mule that has made up his mind to tarry a while, deserves a medal.

Terrible plagues, those itching, pestering diseases of the skin. Put an end to misery. Ican's Ointment cures. At any drug store.

In the Steam-heated Flat—"John, I have just to see the doctor, and he says I must stay in the warmest and most evenly heated room in the house." "Then get into the refrigerator at once."

DON'T TOBACCO SPIT and SMOKE
Your Lifeaway!
You can be cured of any form of tobacco using easily, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor by taking **NO-TO-BAG**, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over **500,000** cured. All druggists. Cure guaranteed. Book let and advice FREE. Address **STERLING REMEDY CO.**, Chicago or New York.

For Concentration. Desmond—If you buy this elegant fur coat, Dorothy, how are we ever to pay for it? Dorothy—Oh, Desmond, don't let us talk of two things at once! Let's talk about the coat.

E. W. Grove
This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine** Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

You may stretch your mouth in jolly fun;
You may stretch your legs in a good long run;
You may stretch your arms in work, forsooth;
But never, never stretch the truth.

"Some time ago my daughter caught a severe cold. She complained of pains in her chest and had a bad cough. I gave her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy according to directions, and in two days she was well and able to go to school. I have used this remedy in my family for the past seven years, and have never known it to fail," says James Prendergast, merchant, Annoto Bay, Jamaica, West India Islands. The pains in the chest indicated an approaching attack of pneumonia, which in this instance was undoubtedly ward off by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It counteracts any tendency of a cold toward pneumonia.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tibbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

The young man who leaves two-thirds of a cigar on a dark corner of the doorstep when he calls on his best girl will make a frugal husband.

Hello, Central! Give Me HASTINGS'.

And we have answered the calls, from all sides asking what we have in stock for Christmas. It would be much easier to tell what we haven't, but we will mention a few of our specialties:

LAMPS

Are not exactly holiday goods as a general thing, but when they come in such beautiful colors and designs, as those we display, are well termed such.

JARDINIERES

Are becoming more popular, more beautiful each year, and we have some very handsome ones.

CHINA AND GLASS

Sets, also, those of more common ware can be found here, and then there is a mammoth spread of individual pieces, costing from 5 cents to \$5.00. Each a nice little gift.

TOILET SETS

And many other useful articles are here. Also Cutlery, Sportsmen's Goods, Tobacco and Cigars, and a full line of Hardware. Come in and look our stock over.

HASTINGS BROS., BETHEL, ME.

PIANOS : : AND ORGANS

The most complete stock of Pianos Organs, Stools, Scarfs and Instruction Books ever had. Ivers & Pond Behr Bros., Merrill, Estey and Prescott Pianos. . . . Estey, Carpenter, Packard and Wilcox & White Organs, all in stock. Illustrated catalogues of all these instruments sent upon application. Instruments sold on easy monthly terms.

W. J. WHEELER & Co.,

Billings Block, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Wiley's Drug Store.

If you have a Cough, Wiley's Syrup White Pine and Tar will relieve and cure. For Hoarseness and Bronchial Irritation, use Wiley's Bronchial Lozenges.

Wiley's Quick Cure Headache Powders will stop the pain.

Wiley's Almond Cream and Violet Jelly are fine preparations for chapped hands and all irritation of the skin.

Wiley's Tooth Powder and Tooth Wash will keep your teeth and gums healthy and your breath sweet.

BAD
A painful back,
A lame, a weak,
Tells of your kidney
Backache is the

Do Kidne

Cure every kidney
Common backache

Mr. Joseph Clewley, bookkeeper for J. H. Mass., manufacturer of tools, says: "I used to suffer from backache, and it was so bad that I could not do my work. I tried many remedies, but they did not help me. I then used Doan's Kidney Pills, and in a few days I was relieved. I have not had any more backache since." For sale by all druggists. Price 25c. per box. Foster-Milburn.

GRAND TR

Time Table in Effect

TRAINS GO

Island Pond, leave, Gilead, West Bethel, BETHEL, arrive, Locke Mills, Bryant Pond, South Paris, Lewiston, Portland,

TRAINS GO

Portland, leave, Lewiston, South Paris, Bryant Pond, Locke Mills, BETHEL, arrive, West Bethel, Gilead, Gorham, Island Pond, The train which leaves 2:30 A. M., and the Portland at 6:00 P. M., all others every day. Sunday paper train, 8:30 A. M., arriving at 9:30 A. M., W. A. B.

WANT C

WANTED MEN OR WOMEN to sell the most useful article ever sold. Large profits. People's Supply Company.

Want

A man and wife farm. Light work wages. Address E.

WANTED

Bethel Manufa

Delivered at our coming winter, 100 feet of Lumber, for best market price will buy Pine, Spruce, Basswood, White Birch, Yellow Birch, Oak, and Ash. We market for timber the kinds of lumber BETHEL MANUFACTURING.

A Card

We, the undersigned, agree to refund the cent bottle of Green Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure a cold. We a 25-cent bottle to pay or money refunded 1896.

Found

Three stray ducks their abode at my side may have same by paying expenses.

D. C. PHILLIPS

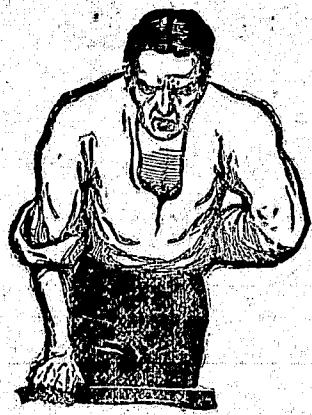
When Charlie, to went with his sister Brown's school, he much pleased with the results. "The boys all still in their seats," "until the monster's their caps."

CANDY CAT

BEST FOR THE BO

Genuine stamped C. C. N. Beware of the dealer who

"something just as



BAD BACKS

A painful back.
A lame, weak, an aching back.
Tells of your kidney ills.
Backache is the kidneys' warning.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Cure every kidney ill from
Common backache to diabetes.

Mr. Joseph Clewley, of 47 Church street,
bookkeeper for J. E. Knox & Co., Lynn,
Mass., manufacturers of dies and cutting
tools, says: "I used several prescriptions
from physicians, trying to get relief from
attacks of backache. The pain was in the
region of the kidneys, and the medicine
seemed to relieve me for the time being,
but it always returned. If I took cold it
was always worse, and at such times I
was downright sick. I had a severe attack
and used Doan's Kidney Pills. The first
box relieved me a great deal. Continuing
the treatment a short time longer I was
entirely cured, and I have had no return of
the complaint."

For sale by all druggists; 50 cents per
box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Time Table in Effect December 11, 1901.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Island Pond, leave,	2.30	6.30	1.15
Gorham,	4.34	8.30	3.14
Gilead,	...	8.38	3.25
West Bethel,	...	8.47	3.49
BETHEL, arrive,	5.14	8.53	3.58
Lookes Mills,	...	9.00	4.08
Bryant Pond,	5.30	9.05	4.16
South Paris,	6.03	9.30	4.44
Lewiston,	7.05	10.10	5.20
Portland,	8.00	11.15	6.30

TRAINS GOING WEST.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Portland, leave,	8.15	1.30	6.00
Lewiston,	9.00	2.30	7.05
South Paris,	10.00	3.38	8.40
Bryant Pond,	10.28	4.20	9.40
Lookes Mills,	10.30	4.28	9.50
BETHEL, arrive,	10.46	4.38	9.03
West Bethel,	10.54	4.46	9.13
Gilead,	11.05	4.57	9.25
Gorham,	11.33	5.40	10.00
Island Pond,	1.30	7.50	12.20

The train which leaves Island Pond at
2.30 A. M., and the one which leaves
Portland at 6.00 P. M., run every day;
all others every day except Sunday.
Sunday paper train leaves Portland at
8.30 A. M., arriving at Bethel 11.14.

W. A. BUNTING, Agent.

WANT COLUMN.

WANTED MEN OR WOMEN IN EVERY
COUNTRY to sell the most novel, ingenious
and useful article ever invented for House-
hold use. Large profits. Sample for 10 cents.
People's Supply Company, Walpole, Me.

Wanted.

A man and wife to work on a
farm. Light work and reasonable
wages. Address E. H. L. Bethel.
3w32.

WANTED BY

Bethel Manufacturing Co.

Delivered at our Factory the
coming winter, ONE MILLION
feet of Lumber, for which the high-
est market price will be paid. We
buy Pine, Spruce, Hemlock, Fir,
Basswood, White Birch, Silver
Birch, Yellow Birch, Rock Maple,
Oak, and Ash. We are also in the
market for timber lots containing
the kinds of lumber above stated.
BETHEL MANUFACTURING CO.

A Card.

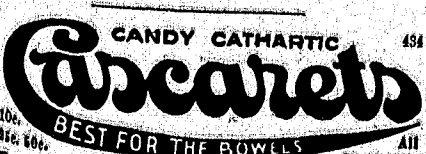
We, the undersigned, do hereby
agree to refund the money on a 50-
cent bottle of Greene's Warranted
Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your
cough or cold. We also guarantee
a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfac-
tory or money refunded.
G. R. WILBY.

Found.

Three stray ducks have taken up
their abode at my stable. Owner
may have same by proving prop-
erty and paying expense of advertis-
ing.

D. C. PHILBROOK, Bethel.

When Charlie, four years old,
went with his sister to visit Miss
Brown's school, he came home
much pleased with the closing ex-
ercises. "The boys all have to keep
still in their seats," he explained,
"until the monsters hand them
their caps."



CANDY CATHARTIC
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk.
Beware of the dealer who tries to sell
"something just as good."

Our Young Readers

Envy.

WILLIE VISITING IN THE COUNTRY.
I wish 'at I lived out here,
Where there are hills to climb,
And where a boy can slide down like
A flash, in winter time;
Where there are drifts to tumble in
And ponds to skate upon—
I wish my Cousin John was me
And I was Cousin John!

I'd like to have a colt to ride
And lambs 'n' things to pet,
With apples in the cellar, and
Drink milk that's steamin' yet;
I'd like to live where I could 'whop
Around with all my might
And never have to be afraid
A cop would come in sight.
It's jolly sitting in the sled
When uncle drives to town,
And lets the horses walk up hill
And makes them gallop down!
It's jolly getting out behind,
Sometimes, and hanging on—
I wish my Cousin John was me
And I was Cousin John!

JOHNNY VISITING IN THE CITY.
I wish 'at I lived here, where things
Are all set at the door,
And where you see so many sights
You never saw before;
I'd like to ride in nice, warm cars
That whiz along the street,
Instead of in a bobbed, where
You nearly freeze your feet.

They never have no wood to chop,
Nor cows nor sheep to tend;
They never have to carry slop
To where the pigs are penned;
They never carry water from
A well that's far away,
Nor every night and morning feed
The stock a ton of hay.
They never have no cows to milk,
Nor other chores to do,
And every time they turn around
They look at something new;
There's always lots that's going on,
The streets are never still—
I wish that Cousin Will was me,
And I was Cousin Will!

—S. E. KISER.

Hungry for an Education.

Some 15 years ago a young man
came to enter a college in East
Tennessee. His home was in the
mountains of Georgia, and he walk-
ed over 150 miles, carrying his
knapsack. Shortly after his ar-
rival he called at the office of the
president, and informed him that
he was ready to enter school. A
unique conversation took place be-
tween the president and this boy
from the mountains of the central
South.

"Where are you from?"
"Down in Georgia."
"Do you wish to enter school?"
"That is what I am here for."
"What course do you wish to
take?"

"I came to take the biggest
course you've got."
"What class can you enter?"
"Suppose I can enter the prepara-
tory."
"Are you anxious for an educa-
tion?"
"I am really hungry for it."
He was reminded that it would
require seven years to finish the
course; but he replied at once;
"All right, I'll get there." When
asked how much money he had
he said: "Two dollars and seven-
ty-five cents."

"Can your father assist you?"
"Father was a loyal Georgia
soldier, and died some years ago
from the effect of hard usage while
a prisoner."
"Can your mother help?"
"Mother is poor—I have been
helping her."

"Who, then, will help you pull
through the seven years in
school?"
Holding out his hands he said:
"These are my helpers."
The quizzing stopped. The
president was sure he need not
measure his brain or blood—he
possessed grit.

He was matriculated, and be-
gan his work. He secured a room
and boarded himself—for the first
season—on an average of 46 cents
per week. After he had been in
school four months he called on
the president.

"Richard," asked the latter, "is
that the best suit of clothes you
have?"
"What's the matter with this
suit?"—looking down at himself
only to see a well-worn suit of
battered jeans.

The president replied: "I just
made the inquiry to find out if you
had a Sunday suit."
"No," he said: "this is all I
have."

"What are you going to do when
that is gone?"

"I'll work during vacation and
get another."

It was not long until a friend
in the North sent an express pack-
age to the president, containing a
suit of clothes and a five-dollar
bill.

The young man was called in,
and asked to try on the suit—it
was a good fit; the clothes and
the five dollars were given to him.
He stood amazed for a moment
and with tears chasing one an-
other down his face, he said:
"Thank you; this is the finest
suit I ever had in my life. I don't
see why God is so good to a poor
fellow like me—I never did much
for Him."

This young man soon forced his
way to the front in his classes and
in the literary society. He con-
tinued through the entire seven
years, completing the regular
classical course, graduating at the
head of his class.

He made a heroic fight for a
liberal education, living much of
the time on little else than the di-
vine fire of a student's ambition.
He won; and to-day he is in the
foremost rank as a teacher.—Sel.

Partners.

A sturdy little figure it was
trudging bravely by with a pail of
water. So many times it had pass-
ed our gate that morning that curi-
osity prompted us to further ac-
quaintance.

"You are a busy little girl to-
day?"

"Yes'm."
The round face under the broad
hat was turned toward us. It was
freckled, flushed, and perspiring,
but cheery withal.

"Yes'm; it takes a heap of water
to do a washing."

"And do you bring it all from
the brook down there?"

"Oh, we have it in the cistern
mostly, only it's been such a dry
time lately."

"And is there nobody else to car-
ry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she is
washin'."

"Well, you are a good girl to help
her."

It was not a well-considered
compliment, and the little water
carrier did not consider it one at
all, for there was a look of surprise
in her gray eyes, and almost indig-
nant tone in her voice, as she an-
swered: "Why, of course, I help
her. I always help her to do
things all the time; she hasn't
anybody else. Mothe'n me's part-
ners."

Little girl, are you and mother
partners? Do you help her all
you can?—Kind Words.

EIGHT PUZZLES.

Feet have they, but they walk not—
stoves.
Eyes have they, but they see not—
potatoes.
Teeth have they, but they chew not—
saws.
Noses have they, but they smell not—
teapots.
Months have they, but they taste not—
rivers.
Hands have they, but they handle not—
clocks.
Ears have they, but they hear not—
cornstalks.
Tongues have they, but they talk not—
wagons.

The Tartars and Their Horses.

The Tartars have a way of living
with their animals which is truly as-
tonishing. They talk to them, and
when they wish to encourage them
they whistle to them as if they were
birds. If they do not travel well, they
address to them tender reproaches, and
when special effort is needed on their
part they say to them, "Come, my
doves, you know you must go on
there; courage, my pets; come, go on!"
And when the difficulty is accomplish-
ed they get down from their box and
praise and caress them, allowing them
to rest and breathe, patting them be-
tween the eyes, rubbing their noses,
stroking the hair on their foreheads
between their ears; indeed caressing
them in every way and treating them
like much loved pets.—Un Touriste au
Caucase.

The Field Daisy.

The field daisy is the "day's eye" of
English meadows, the marguerite of
French fields.

Sick Headache?

Food doesn't digest well?
Appetite poor? Bowels
constipated? Tongue coated?
It's your liver! Ayer's Pills
are liver pills; they cure dys-
pepsia, biliousness.
25c. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful
brown or rich black? Then use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers.
50 CENTS, OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO., NEWARK, N. J.

BARRELS OF SAMPLES.

More Than a Million Trial Bottles
Sent Free by Mail.

By special arrangement with the man-
ufacturers of Dr. David Kennedy's Favor-
ite Remedy, the readers of this paper are
enabled to obtain a trial bottle and pam-
phlet of valuable medical advice absolutely
free, by simply sending in their name and
address to the Dr. David Kennedy's
Corporation, Rondout, N. Y., and men-
tioning this paper.

Of course this involves enormous ex-
pense to the manufacturers, but they
have received so many grateful letters
from those who have been benefited and
cured of the various diseases of the Kid-
neys, Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheu-
matism, Dyspepsia and Chronic Constipa-
tion, and all weaknesses peculiar to wo-
men, that they willingly send trial bottles
to all sufferers.

Try putting some of your urine in a
glass tumbler, let it stand twenty-four
hours. If there is a sediment, or cloudy,
milky appearance, your Kidneys are sick.
It matters not how sick you are or how
many physicians have failed to help you,
give this great medicine, Dr. David Ken-
edy's Favorite Remedy, a trial, and be-
nefit and cure will most certainly result.
Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy
is sold by all druggists at \$1.00.

A BOY'S POCKETS.

Things in the world that you want to find
Pockets of boys have of one a kind—
Marbles and blocks and unnumbered strings,
Tops and old cards and odd other things;
Knives and flint rocks and gun shells and sticks—
All of his pockets brim full, he's fixed.

Frogs and green lizards and bugs and snakes,
Everything loose the small boy upakes;
Crowded pants' pockets resembling a sack,
Odds and ends that he takes he'll "pack;"
Lines and their sinkers and cork and hooks,
Fishing in rivers and sloughs and brooks.

Buttons and staples and nails and screws,
Sack of "tobac" that he smokes and chews,
Pistols and powder and fiery rockets,
All can be found in a boy's bulging pockets.
—Norvin G. Perry.

A Lesson For Time Wasters.

"What is the price of that book?"
at length asked a man who had been
dawdling for an hour in the front
store of Benjamin Franklin's newspa-
per establishment. "One dollar," re-
plied the clerk. "One dollar!" echoed
the lounging. "Can't you take less than
that?" "One dollar is the price," was
the answer.

The would be purchaser looked over
the books on sale awhile longer and
then inquired, "Is Mr. Franklin in?"
"Yes," said the clerk. "He is very busy
in the pressroom." "Well, I want to
see him," persisted the man. The prop-
rietor was called, and the stranger
asked, "What is the lowest, Mr. Frank-
lin, that you can take for that book?"
"One dollar and a quarter," was the
prompt rejoinder. "One dollar and a
quarter! Why, your clerk asked me
only one dollar just now." "True,"
said Franklin, "and I could have bet-
ter afforded to take a dollar than to
leave my work."

The man seemed surprised; but, wish-
ing to end a parley of his own seeking,
he demanded, "Well, come, now, tell
me your lowest price for this book."
"One dollar and a half," replied Frank-
lin. "A dollar and a half! Why, you
offered it yourself for a dollar and a
quarter." "Yes," said Franklin cool-
ly, "and I could better have taken that
price than a dollar and a half now."

The man silently laid the money on
the counter, took his book and left the
store, having received a salutary les-
son from a master in the art of trans-
muting time at will into either wealth
or wisdom.

Young Defenders.

In some of the New York schools
they have a Young Defenders' league to
help the Society For the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals. They report cases
of cruelty to horses, dogs, donkeys,
cats, etc., to headquarters for investi-
gation and punishment. In one of the
schools the league was started by a
boy who had been a torment to the
teacher of every school he had passed
through. 'He was the last one they ex-
pected to lead a reform movement.
The way it came about was this: He
was passing Madison square one after-
noon when he saw a company of boys
coming out of the S. P. C. A. building.
On meeting they explained the league
to him and asked him to join. He was
told to get into line. He signed the
card and had his badge pinned on, and
the next day he began his work. He
not only reported cases to the society,
but induced twenty-five of the boys of
his school to become members of the
league. He seems to realize that a
leader must be one the boys can look
up to, for there is a marked change for
the better in his department.

Washington Distilled Profanity.

The following is a general order is-
sued by General Washington, com-
mander of the colonial armies, Aug. 3,
1776:

"The general is sorry to be informed
that the foolish and wicked practice of
profane cursing and swearing, a vice
hitherto little known in an American
army, is growing into fashion. He
hopes the officers will, by example as
well as influence, endeavor to check it,
and that both they and the men will
reflect that we can have little hope of
the blessing of heaven on our arms if
we insult it by our implety and folly.
Added to this, it is a vice so mean and
low, without any temptation, that ev-
ery man of sense and character detests
and dispises it."

Cause For Alarm.

Mother—Aren't you very well today,
Bobby?
Bobby—Yes, thank you, mother. Why?
Mother—Because you washed your
hands for lunch without being told.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware the
Signature of
J. C. Watson

CHICKERING PIANOS

HAVE BORNE
THE TEST
OF PUBLIC
CRITICISM FOR
78 YEARS.

NO house can, with any truth, claim
greater results in the development of
the Piano than that of CHICKERING &
SONS.

When you buy the Chickering you get
the best there is. With it you have a guar-
antee that is unquestioned, and it comes
from the only piano makers in the world
who have successfully maintained their
position as leaders since 1823. In offering you the latest product
of this distinguished house, we do so with the knowledge that
money can buy nothing better.

Cressey, Jones & Allen, { BAXTER } Portland, Me.
{ BLOCK }

HOME BAKERY.



My bakery is now open. It is fitted with a fine portable
cooker and every appliance that goes to make up a first class
bakery.

I am prepared to execute your orders promptly, and
your patronage is respectfully solicited.

See my line of LUNCH CRACKERS—12 varieties—
also Orange Blossom Tea, Mocha and Java Coffee, all kinds
of Canned Goods, etc.

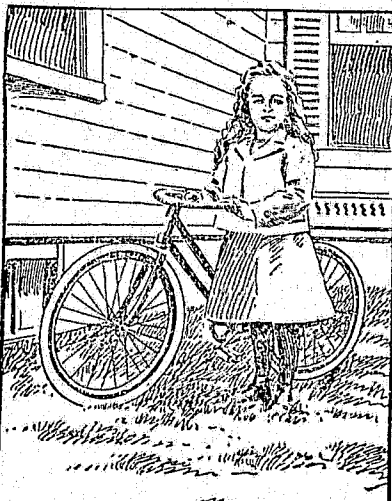
Opposite
G. P. BEAN'S,

C. A. LUCAS.

A Girl Cyclist.

Little Miss Evelyn Scott of Hyde
Park is one of the youngest bicycle
riders in Boston or vicinity.

She started to ride when she was
three and a half years old, her father



EVELYN E. SCOTT.

teaching her in three or four evenings
on the street in front of the house.

She has ridden the wheel a year and
has perfect control of it, mounting,
dismounting, riding with hands off the
handle bars and performing several
other little feats.—Boston Globe.

Too Easy.

Earth's garden spots—the
places where the air is most balmy
and the skies most sunny, where
the ground brings forth abundantly
with but little cultivation, and
food can be had for the plucking—
would seem at first thought to be
the most desirable places in which
to live. So much of time, toil and
worry might be saved in such a
paradise. But ease brings degen-
eracy, and these places where the
soil is richest and the climate
kindest do not produce the high-
est type of manhood. The place
where nature simply opens her
hand and pours out her bounty
with no demand for an equivalent
in labor, is not the one where man
develops in intellect or enterprise.

Something to battle with, some-
thing to conquer—something that
opposes his progress and calls out
his strength, man must have, or he
ceases to grow. As it is in the
natural and physical world, so it
is in the mental and moral. Ease
and what we call prosperity are
not the material out of which
strong and noble characters are
wrought. The treasures dropped
at our feet are not the ones which
really enrich us, but those for
which we must toil and strive with
all that is best and noblest of our
being.

Buy and Try a Box Tonight.

While you think of it, go buy and
try a box of Cascarets Candy Cat-
hartic, ideal laxative, tonight. You'll
never regret it. Genuine tablets
stamped C. C. C. Never sold in
bulk. All druggists, etc.

Little Annie attended evening
service with her grandma at a
church where the light gleamed
brightly through stained glass
win lows. Upon entering she asked,
with a puzzled air, "Grandma,
did they get their windows in
wrong side out?"

There Is

a shoe for every need, for every
taste, and for every foot in



They are made in special shapes,
to give ease and comfort, and at
the same time a graceful, stylish
appearance to every type of foot.
No matter for what use or oc-
casion a woman may need foot-
wear, she cannot fail to find in the
"Queen Quality" variety some-
thing to suit her requirements.

Always One Price \$3.00

OXFORDS \$2.50

For Sale at

CEYLON ROWE'S,

BETHEL, MAINE.

Eyeglasses Need a Bath.

"Half of the people who wear
glasses and complain that their
sight is gradually diminishing
owe the idea to dirty glasses," re-
marks an optician. "Spectacles
and eyeglasses are as much bene-
fited by a bath now and then as
people are. It is strange how
many people there are who think
that by wiping their glasses now
and then they keep them clean.
The fact is they want a bath just
as frequently as does a human be-
ing. You see, it is this way: The
face, and especially the eyes, all
the time give off a fine vapor.
This clings to the glasses and the
dust collects on them. As soon
as they become clean—that is, ap-
parently clean—the wearer is satis-
fied. So the process goes on. But,
while wiping the glasses cleanses
them and is necessary, a bath is
also required. Every time the
glasses are wiped a fine film of
dirt is left on them, and this grad-
ually accumulates, and no wiping
will clean it off. In time this
coating gets quite thick enough to
blur the vision, even though at a
glance the glasses may appear
clean. When this occurs, the sight
is diminished, and they come to
me or some other optician. What
they ought to have done was to
give the glasses a bath in warm
water, well scrubbing them with a
small toothbrush and soap, and
afterward wipe them. This should
first be done with chamomile leather
and then with tissue paper to
polish them."

CRUEL

Heartrending Story of Nervous Wreck.
How Dr. Greene's Nervura
Came to the Rescue.

Mrs. E. HOBAN, 1879 Third Avenue, New York City, says:

"I had a constant bearing down pain that made me feel dreadfully nervous, and the pain in my back was something awful. I suffered terribly every month, and also suffered from indigestion and had an unnatural discharge that kept me tired all the time. My kidneys were affected and I was always constipated. Every little thing excited me, and I didn't feel a bit like seeing or talking to anyone. I was really in a dreadful condition. No one knows what I suffered. Every morning I would feel so weak and tired I could hardly get up, and during the day I would get faint and feel as though I should fall. I decided to continue, trying first one thing, then another, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I was so discouraged, or if I ever got well."

"Finally, some one told me to take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and said so much about the good it did women who suffered from female weakness that I decided to try it. I cannot say enough for this medicine. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is the best medicine on earth for nervousness and female weakness, and every woman who suffers from these troubles ought to get Dr. Greene to cure them. I took four bottles of Nervura and my pains are all gone. My periods are regular every month, without the slightest pain, my backache is all gone and there isn't the slightest discharge any more. The folks who see me now, who see how contented and happy and strong I am, think it is a miracle."

Get Dr. Greene's Nervura to-day for your trouble, and write to Dr. Greene for advice. Address 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

French Bread Laws.

The French baker is not only required to conform to laws regarding weight, but he is also told at what price he must sell his bread. He is further required to deposit a certain sum of money in the hands of the municipal authorities as a surety of good behavior. In the large fortified cities he has to keep a specified quantity of flour on hand to provide for warlike emergencies.

In Germany laws of similar import are in existence and are enforced with such severity that no baker ever dreams of defying them.

He Makes It Pay.

Benson—Talk about the lamentable state of the public service! Why, there's Nestor, for instance. He has been in public office for twenty-five years, and what, I should like to know, has he ever accomplished?
Weston—Well, he has had a job all that time. Surely that's something.—Boston Transcript.

The Uses of the Sword.

The uses to which the sword has been put seem to have been almost as varied as its appearance when we recall the anecdote told of Charlemagne, who said, as he used the pommel of his sword to put his stamp on treaties, "I sign them with this end, and with the other I will take care that they are kept."

Easily Accounted For.

Bloobs—He says he would rather fight than eat.
Sloobs—Pugnacious, eh?
Bloobs—No; dyspeptic.—Philadelphia Record.

About 600,000 trees are annually planted by Swedish school children under the guidance of their teachers.

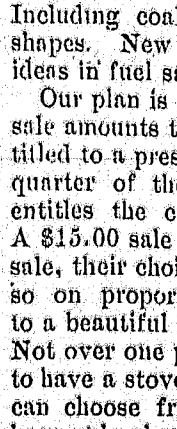
PARLOR STOVES

GIVEN AWAY!

Commencing Thursday, December 26th, and continuing until February 17th, unless all are gone before that date,

WE WILL GIVE AWAY
our whole stock of

Parlor and Chamber
Heating Stoves,



Including coal, wood and oil heaters, round and square shapes. New designs in this season's goods with the latest ideas in fuel saving.

Our plan is this—All cash customers whose purchase in one sale amounts to \$10.00 or over, at regular prices, will be entitled to a present of a stove, not to exceed in value one-quarter of the amount of their purchase. A \$10.00 sale entitles the customer to any stove valued at not over \$2.50. A \$15.00 sale to a stove not over \$3.75 in value. A \$20.00 sale, their choice of any stove valued at not over \$5.00, and so on proportionally, so a \$100.00 sale would entitle you to a beautiful \$25.00 nickel and brass trimmed parlor stove. Not over one present on a single sale. If we do not happen to have a stove with just one-quarter of your purchase, you can choose from the next lower price. Come early as we have only about one hundred left. If you do not happen to need anything at present WHY NOT BUY NOW for the future. To young couples about to be married, this is a golden opportunity.

WE HAVE EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME. Hooper pays the Freight. Hooper gives the old reliable Blue Trading Stamp. Write our mail Order Department.

OREN HOOPER'S SONS,
Makers of Fine Furniture, Interior Decorations, Rugs and Draperies,
Established 1862.

Getting In Society.

Several young men in our smartest set were asked by an inquisitive genius how they managed to get in high society. "I danced my way in," said one, who frequently leads a cotillon. Another said: "I was too ungraceful for that. But I had a serious way with me, and got into the sacred circle by means of the Sunday school. I taught a Bible class, made acquaintance of the best young men, met their mothers, fathers, and finally their sisters." A third: "I got in by being a stranger in New York. While on a hunting expedition in the west I was able, through a happy circumstance, to be of assistance to a very prominent leader of New York society. In gratitude, I suppose, he expected a promise that I would visit him if I ever came east. I came, I called, I conquered. He dined me at his club, then at his home, where I met his family. His daughter is now my wife."—New York Press.

Constantinople Beggars' Feast Day.

One day in the year Constantinople is free from the beggar nuisance—on Nov. 25. This is the festival of St. John the Almsgiver, the patron saint of the mendicant profession. No beggar of the Greek faith is on his or her beat that day. In the forenoon all, or nearly all, Orthodox mendicants attend a special service in the church of St. Constantine, at which an archbishop officiates. It is arranged by their corporation, for they are organized into a guild like any other trade. The church, spacious as it is, is none too large for the numerous congregation of cadgers, many of whom in their holiday garb look like respectable citizens. The rest of the day is spent in festivities, which are apt to extend so far into the night that many of the revelers are unable to attend to business on the morrow.

Where He Belonged.

A clergyman observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman by imposing upon him a broken winded horse for a sound one. The parson, taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed, "Parson, I had much rather hear you preach than to see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way."

"Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday you might have heard me preach."

"Where was that?" inquired the jockey.

"In the state prison," returned the clergyman.—London Standard.

Mother

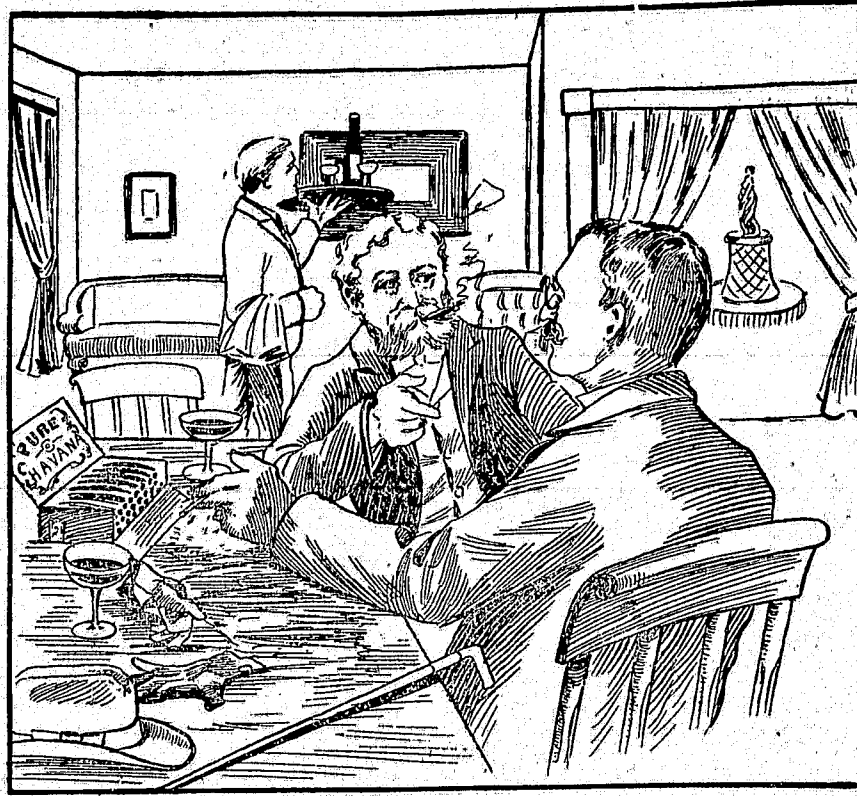
"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. Then she tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was speedily cured."
D. P. Jolly, Avoca, N. Y.

No matter how hard your cough or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you can take. It's too risky to wait until you have consumption. If you are coughing today, get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

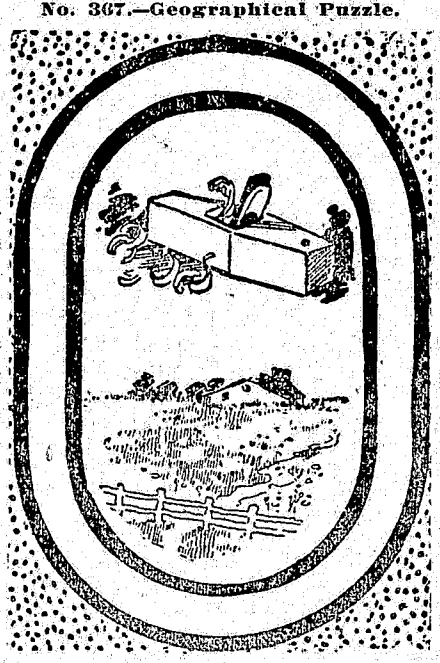
THE NEWS PUZZLE.



THESE MEN ARE DISCUSSING A YACHT RACE. DO YOU SEE THE CAPTAIN?

No. 366.—Easy Riddle.
You are looking at me now.
I have no life, still I can tell you things new and old.
Sometimes, in the homes of the rich, I am very much alive.
I'm always a boy.
Who and what am I?

No. 367.—Geographical Puzzle.



What city in New Jersey is here represented?—New York Journal.

No. 368.—The Evolution of the Toad.
The toad making a change in its head becomes a whip; another change, which will be internal, alters it to a precious metal; another internal change makes it brighten, to embellish; with the final change it becomes part of a fish.

No. 369.—Concealed Word Square.
[One word is concealed in each couplet.]
1. Policemen say that every day
Suburban kittens go astray.
2. And city cats that live in flats
Are always running after rats.
3. It is not right, with birds in sight,
To leave these pets alone at night.
4. For feline youth, though fair in sooth,
All lack a tenderness for truth.

No. 370.—Sad News.
On going into a hospital one day this week I was told that quite a number of the patients there had gone to "that country from whose bourne no traveler returns" and that they all ended in the decline of life. Their names I was told, and the meanings of them are as follows:
1. An old saying.
2. Superiority in any state or condition.
3. A mass of mineral matter.
4. A wise man.
5. A barbarian.
6. A manner or way.
7. A collection of trees.
8. A feathered, flying animal.
9. Destitute of light.
10. A fruit.
11. A swell of anger.
12. A kind of linen.
13. A bent piece of iron.
14. An elevation of land.
15. A grassy plot.
16. The blossoms of a plant.

No. 371.—Transpositions.
A raised floor in a dining hall
Or seat with back wainscoted tall
Is one.
What I have two will quite explain
Its meaning, make it clear and plain
So none
Will other THREE need to unfold
The answer. So, as all is told,
I'm done.

No. 372.—Central Acrostic.
All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a poet.

Crosswords: 1. Cinders. 2. To rob. 3. To rove. 4. A festive gathering. 5. A stratum. 6. A drain. 7. A common fruit. 8. A kind of spice. 9. To vex. 10. A bet. 11. A kind of gun. 12. A view. 13. Hue. 14. A Christmas decoration. 15. Abrupt. 16. A gem.

No. 373.—A Row of Poets.
1. A post which has to do with the United States mail.
2. A post which is musical.
3. A post visible only afternoons.
4. A post which is in a hurry to go.
5. A post which rides on a carriage.

Wanted an Advance.
"Say, mamma, how much am I worth?"
"You are worth a million dollars to me, my son."
"Say, mamma, couldn't you advance me twenty-five cents?"

We hope that the above puzzles will prove of interest to our younger readers. The answers will be given by number next week.

Answers to Last Weeks Puzzles.

Key to the Puzzler.
No. 358.—Initial Changes: 1. Bog. log. bog. cog. jog. nog. dog. tog. 2. Honey, money, Coney.
No. 359.—Positives and Comparatives: 1. Sun, summer. 2. Add, address. 3. Tell, teller. 4. Set, setter. 5. Meat, meter. 6. Mart, martyr. 7. Man, manner.
No. 360.—Easy Riddle: Turquoise.
No. 361.—A Greek Cross:

C	R	O	S
I	T		
S	A		
U	L		
T	H	R	O
E	M	E	R
G	A		
I	N	A	M
N	A	M	O
R	E		
E	A		
I	M		
E	V	I	L
O			

No. 362.—Picture Puzzle: 1. Bill. 2. Wing. 3. Tale (tail). 4. I (eye). 5. Clause (claws). 6. Fowl (fowl). 7. Head. 8. Tow (toe). 9. Board. 10. Crack.
No. 363.—Concealed Word Square: 1. March. 2. Agate. 3. Racer. 4. Steed. 5. Herds.
No. 364.—Acrostic: Horatio Nelson—Nile.
No. 365.—Flower Anagrams: 1. Honey-suckle. 2. Sweet pea. 3. Mignonette. 4. Gardenia.

She Soon Altered It.
Many young ladies have found it necessary to improve, or rather to alter, the spelling of the names with which they were originally blessed. Mabel becomes Mabelle, Jessie becomes Jessica, Mary becomes Marie, and so forth. A brother lately received a letter from his young sister at a fashionable boarding school. It was signed Jessica. He answered:

Dear Sister Jessica—Your welcome letter received. Papa and mamma are well. Aunt Mary and Uncle Georgia started for Glasgow yesterday. I have bought a new horse. You ought to see it. It is a beauty. Its name is Maudie. Your affectionate brother, SAMICA.

The sister's next letter was signed "Jessie."

Some Famous Echoes.
There is a famous echo on the Rhine between Coblenz and Bingen which repeats a word seventeen times, while in the sepulcher of Metella, the wife of Sulla, in the Roman Campagna, there is an echo which repeats five times in different keys and will also give back with distinctness a hexameter line which requires two and a half seconds to utter. Brewster mentions an echo on the north side of Shipley church, in Sussex, England, which repeats twenty-one syllables.

Had Been There.
"There is no doubt," said the student of law, "that many people have been imprisoned, although innocent of any crime."

"I know that by sad experience."
"You don't say so! Let's have the story."

"There's no story to it. I merely had the bad luck to be drawn on several juries that were locked up over night."—Washington Star.

Insult to Injury.
"Poor Bickers has a very hard hearted wife," said Triviot.
"What's the trouble now?" asked Dicer.

"She not only broke the broomstick over his head, but made him go to the store and buy another."—Detroit Free Press.

The Ring of Cheops.
Cheops was the builder of the pyramid which bears his name, and, as if to make the structure perpetuate his deeds for all time to come, the very stones and bricks of which it is composed are stamped with his name. Cheops lived nearly 2,500 years ago, his great pyramid being an antiquity in the days when the great nations of old were in their youth, and yet we of this twentieth century can have the satisfaction of looking upon the very ring he wore so proudly upon his finger! The hieroglyphs on the ring are minutely accurate and beautifully executed, the ring itself being of finest gold and weighing nearly an ounce. The oval signet bears the name of Cheops, which is in hieroglyphics in perfect accord with the stamp on the bricks of the great pyramid. This remarkable antiquity was found in a tomb at Ghizeh. It now reposes in the museum of the New York Historical society.

BLUE STORES.

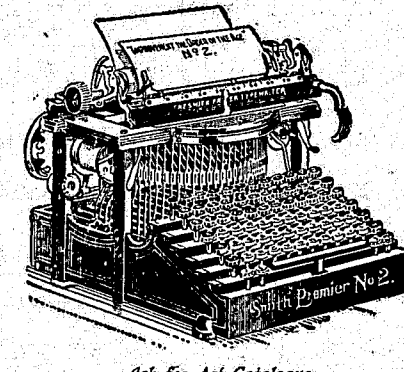
MID-WINTER SALE ON
Overcoats, Ulsters, Reefers, Fur Coats,
Suits, Underwear and Overshirts. . . .

These Goods will be Closed Out at Wholesale Prices.
All Wool Irish Frieze Ulsters, extra nice and heavy, only \$8.00
Other Grades marked down to \$6.00, \$5.00 and \$4.00
Overcoats, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$8.00, \$10.00 and \$12.00
that were \$5.00 to \$16.00.
We shall make four prices on our Men's Suits, \$4.00, \$6.00, \$8.00 and \$10.00. These suits at \$10.00 are great bargains. They are our high-grade suits that have been \$12.00 to \$16.00.

Boys' and Children's Clothing way down in price.
Take advantage of this sale. Come and see us if possible. If not so you can write us. Respectfully,

F. H. NOYES CO.,
So. Paris. {2 STORES.} Norway.

Money is Thrown Away



Ask for Art Catalogue.

When you buy a Type-writer that is not built on accepted scientific principles. Such a machine will eat itself up in repair bills and be a source of constant annoyance. . . .

The Smith Premier
TypeWriter

is constructed on the best known scientific principles, is of simple parts, is the most durable machine made and the most economical to buy. . . .

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.



Watch 'Em Come Down!

Just about now you are watching for prices to take a drop, and you can ask for no greater drop than we have made in our MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

Trimmed Hats and Fancy Feathers AT HALF PRICE.

\$5.00 Hats for	-	-	\$2.50
\$3.00 Hats for	-	-	\$1.50
\$1.75 Hats for	-	-	87 1-2 cts.

Etc., Etc.

The Best Night Robes

for winter wear are those made of OUTING FLANNEL. They wear well and will be a pleasure every cold night. We have them in solid colors, or in stripes.

The Prices Dropped

on these also. Any size for lady or child at 43c, 68c, 93c, \$1.13. We are clearing up the odds and ends and you get the advantage. Make your selection while they are going at

E. E. BURNHAM'S,
Coke Block, Bethel, Me.

We Ask You To Come

to this clothing store for your clothing wants. We ask you to come because we believe we can serve you as you like to be served. We can show you the newest ideas in cloth, patterns and make. Not an unworthy article is here. We aim to make this a clothing store in its best sense. Many styles in suits to show you. Black suits \$7.00, \$10, \$12, \$15, and \$16. Sack or frock as you prefer. Business suits \$5 upwards. The Hart, Shaffner & Marx suits, \$12 to \$16.

H. B. FOSTER,
Eastern Telephone Connection,
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, NORWAY, ME.

LADIES COATS

We have a long
ahead of us and you
need a warm garment.
We are closing winter
have left at extremely
low prices, consistent
quality.

One lot of Good Coats,
One lot Fine Kersey Coats,
heavy satin lined,
One lot Coats, which consist
of all high class goods, regardless
cost, now

\$5.00 Walking Skirts, new
\$3.00 Walking Skirts, new
Fur Scarfs Marked Way

THOMAS SMITH
Norway, Maine
Eastern Telephone Connection

Take a look
AT MY WINDOW AND
MY NEW DESIGNS IN

Decorative
Crape
Paper

L. C. HALL, Bethel

Resolutions.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97 F. & M. W. IRELAND, by the unanimous vote of the lodge, we are agreed upon to part with a member of the lodge, in the person of George G. Wheeler, we deeply regret the sad event, we make public acknowledgment of our sorrow and loss as a lodge. Therefore be it
Resolved: That while we mourn the loss of our brother, we submit to the will of Our Father in Heaven, and the less mourn the loss of our brother.

Resolved: That we cherish in memory the fact that he was a conscientious, upright citizen, faithful in office, loyal and true friend, an honor to our lodge.
Resolved: That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, and the members of the afflicted family, in their bereavement.
Resolved: That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the lodge. Also that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased, and a copy to the Bethel News.

F. E. BARTON,
D. G. LOVEJOY,
J. C. BILLINGS,
Bethel, Jan. 9, 1902.

CASTOR
For Infants and Children
The Kind You Have Always
Bears the
Signature of